



I'M REALLY A SUPERSTAR

BOOK 15

Chang Yu

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

I'm Really A Superstar

(我真是大明星)

by

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(尝谕)

Synopsis

Zhang Ye was originally a mundane college graduate with aspiring dreams to become a star, but unfortunately has below average looks and height. However one day, he woke up and suddenly found himself in a parallel world!

It's like the same world, but wait a minute...many brands, celebrities and even famous works from his world changed and are gone in this new world!

Armed with the profound literary knowledge of his previous world and a heaven-defying Game Ring that gives him magical items, stats and skills, Zhang Ye embarks on a journey to pursue his life-long dream of becoming famous!

Follow Zhang Ye as he takes the new world by storm, one plagiarized piece at a time, to hilarious reactions!

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Chapter 1301: The big wedding (If I don't finish you can beat me up)

Xin Ya was utterly defeated!

Old Wu's team had been taken down!

This third test was purposely devised by them to make things difficult for Zhang Ye at first. They just wanted to make him say the things that he didn't used to say. But to everyone's surprise, Zhang Ye did not get shepherded the way they wanted him to go. He actually brought out a simple math equation in response to the question. And that equation, when graphed in polar coordinates, was in the shape of a heart that represented love. Just how shocking that drawing was to everyone was something that only those who saw it understood. To use a short mathematical equation to represent something so romantic, it was unheard of!

What did it mean to be capable?

This was what it meant to be capable!

He really had the skills to back it up!

And to be able to pull off something like that as and when he wanted to?

Like coming up with those one-syllable essays!

Like composing those songs!

And like this graph of a heart that had astonished everyone here!

The people from Peking University's Math Department were amazed.

"Math can even be this much fun?"

"That's right! Who says that mathematics is a boring subject?"

"Math can be really romantic too!"

"If I had this trick of Professor Zhang's back then, would I have had to spend seven years to woo my wife?! I, I could have wrapped it up with just one equation!"

"Hahaha, consider me enlightened today!"

"I've learned something good. I'll have to show this to my wife when I get back!"

"This is an eye-opening day for me!"

Dong Shanshan was announcing with a smile, "Congratulations to Zhang Ye on passing the third test!"

Yu Yingyi held up her microphone and said, "We are finally going to meet the bride!"

Xin Ya harrumphed and said, "No, let's have another challenge!"

"Right!"

"The ones before don't count!"

"We still have some more topics to give!"

Old Wu's team of friends and relatives did not agree that the door games were over yet. The main issue was that they had been embarrassed big time. With three tests to pass, and each one more difficult than the previous one, how did the results turn out? It didn't even trouble Zhang Ye a bit. There was no hesitation from him as he passed the three tests with flying colors. That really didn't look good on this group of female comrades!

At this moment, a voice sounded from afar!

It was the sound of the bride laughing. She said, "Alright, haven't you all realized it? It doesn't matter how many tests you make him do. Even if you all band together, you won't be a match for him."

Zhang Ye looked over.

The guests looked over.

The reporters looked over.

"Ah!"

"It's the bride!"

"The bride has appeared!"

There were cheers all around!

There was screaming everywhere!

The venue was overflowing with excitement!

The reporters' lenses and cameras immediately turned to the other end of the red carpet like there was a sale. They snapped away without holding back. But the moment the bride in her wedding gown came into their frames, the reporters were too dumbfounded to react. They gasped deeply and some couldn't help but squeal!

"So beautiful!"

"This—"

"How glamorous!"

"Hot damn!"

"Does she have to be this pretty?"

"Even a celebrity doesn't look this good!"

"So this is the bridal gown that Zhang Ye designed himself?"

"She's so beautiful that I could die!"

"No one else compares!"

Everyone present at the wedding was entranced by her beauty!

Zhang Ye was also stunned on the spot. The sight of her took his breath away!

This is my wife?

This is the woman I'll be spending the rest of my life with?

In this moment, Zhang Ye thought that he must have saved the

world somehow in his previous life. He had the thought in the past, but it was never as strong a belief as right now!

Memories flooded through him.

They first met on a plane. Zhang Ye still remembered Old Wu's hairstyle from that day, the color of her outfit, the type of shoes she had on, and even the first thing she said to him. He remembered all of it, clearly and vividly.

A chance meeting.

They became colleagues.

They became lovers.

They became husband and wife.

Is this a dream?

Because if it is, then please never let me wake up!

I wanna dream for the rest of my life!

No one noticed, but Zhang Ye had walked over the piano in the open-air garden. He sat down slowly, resting his fingers on the keys and started playing emotionally.

The bride.

The wedding dress.

It was all coming together.

The piano rang out without warning.

Everyone in the garden got a little surprised.

Zhang Ye sang gently, singing the story 1 of the two of them.

"Because I took a second glance at you in the crowd.

"I could never forget your face.

"Dreaming that one day we'll bump into each other again.

"Since then, I've been yearning for you."

The bride watched him as she walked over step by step.

Zhang Ye sang.

"When I think of you, you appear on the horizon.

"When I think of you, you appear before my eyes.

"When I think of you, you appear in my mind.

"When I think of you, you appear in my heart."

Everyone was infected by the emotions in the song!

Then they all looked at Zhang Ye. Everyone was moved!

Zhang Ye's eyes had reddened and a tear rolled down his cheeks, yet he was smiling.

"I like to think we promised each other in a past life.

"And that the story of our love won't change in this life.

"I'd rather spend my whole life waiting for you to find out "That I've always been at your side and never far away."

No one had ever seen Zhang Ye cry before!

Not during the plane hijacking!

Not when he was seriously ill and standing onstage wearing his mask!

Not when he was burdened with colossal tasks on I Am a Singer!

Not even when his peers were repressing him and calling him out as their enemy!

In the eyes of the media, his friends, and family, Zhang Ye was a warrior. A warrior who wasn't afraid of anything!

But today!

In this moment!

Zhang Ye was crying!

Many of the people here were deeply affected!

Zhang Ye's mother cried!

Xin Ya cried!

Xiaodong cried!

Fan Wenli cried!

Amy was also in tears!

They were all feeling happy for Zhang Ye. They were feeling overjoyed for him. As Zhang Ye's friends and relatives, they knew how hard it had been for Zhang Ye to get to where he was today. It might look like Zhang Ye was a chatterbox, but he was actually someone who didn't really like talking much. Only he himself knew what his heartfelt words were. He didn't want anyone else to worry about him. In fact, Zhang Ye had been journeying all alone.

Fortunately.

Fortunately, someone was accompanying him now.

Fortunately, someone understood him now.

The bride finally made her way over. She did not stop in her tracks on the red carpet. Instead, she passed everyone as she made her way slowly to Zhang Ye.

"Because I took a second glance at you in the crowd.

"I could never forget your face.

"Dreaming that one day we'll bump into each other again.

"Since then, I've been yearning for you."

At the piano.

The bride sat down beside Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye was playing the piano and singing.

"When I think of you, you appear on the horizon.

"When I think of you, you appear before my eyes.

"When I think of you, you appear in my mind.

"When I think of you, you appear in my heart."

Wu Zeqing reached out with a smile to wipe away the teardrop on Zhang Ye's face. Unbeknownst to her, her own face was also covered with tears.

Zhang Ye sang passionately.

"I like to think we promised each other in a past life.

"And that the story of our love won't change in this life.

"I'd rather spend my whole life waiting for you to find out "That I've always been at your side and never far away."

This sight was incredibly touching!

Looking at them.

Hearing their song.

Listening to the love story between them.

In the open-air garden, everyone was mesmerized!

Chapter 1302: The big wedding (You're actually trying to hit me?!)

The auspicious hour arrived.

The bride and groom changed into their traditional Chinese wedding clothes. The Chinese wedding ceremony was officially beginning.

First, a bow to the Heavens and to Earth.

Second, a bow to the parents.

Third, a bow to each other.

...

Outside.

The media personnel had already been cleared out from the venue. As many of the reporters made their way out of the hot spring resort's hotel, they still felt somewhat unfulfilled. This grand wedding affair of Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing had really shaken them. What sort of occasions had they not seen, being such seasoned reporters? Which celebrity's wedding had they not attended? But it was truly their first time experiencing such an amazing and touching wedding like the one today. The talents of the groom, the beauty of the bride, no other celebrity's wedding had opened their eyes like today's.

"This is wonderful."

"Yeah, there aren't a lot of guests, but the atmosphere was incredible."

"It's such a pity that we're not allowed inside!"

"They're probably already going through the ceremony to be wed right now!"

"Well, let's give them their privacy."

"Yeah, for someone as foul-tempered as Zhang Ye to allow us to go inside to take pictures before the actual ceremony is already a pretty nice gesture. Let's hurry back now!"

"Yeah, let's quickly get back to the office to write our reports!"

"Enough talking, let's go!"

...

In the outside world.

Online.

On the streets.

At home.

In the companies.

The entire country's attention and focus were all on Zhang Ye's wedding.

The sporadic few pictures uploaded online made the citizens talk nonstop.

"Has the wedding ceremony started yet?"

"It must have started already!"

"Will there be a live broadcast?"

"Yeah, why isn't there any news?"

"They're not allowing it to be broadcast. We can only wait for the reporters to come out."

"I'm dying from anxiety. Is the bride really Chief Wu?"

"I don't believe it either, even now!"

"It's true!"

"It's been confirmed!"

"The SARFT's Chief Wu is a very beautiful lady!"

"That Zhang Ye fellow has struck gold!"

"Who's at the venue right now? How is the wedding ceremony going?"

"Wow, Old Chen has posted something on Weibo!"

"Is it a picture from the wedding?"

"Damn, who did I see there?"

"Is that Lillian?"

"Nani? Even Lillian is attending?"

"Goddammit, that's really giving too much face to Zhang Ye!"

"Yeah, what kind of friendship do they have? They're so tight? Just to attend Zhang Ye's wedding, Lillian flew more than 10 hours? Zhang Ye is really great!"

"There are so many celebrities in the photo!"

"They're all big names!"

"The suspense is killing me! I want a video of the entire proceedings of the wedding!"

As news and pictures of the wedding ceremony spread, it got even more tantalizing for the public. Everyone was eagerly hoping to find out what was going on at the venue!

...

In the end, news of the wedding started coming one after another!

The entire country was bombarded by a series of news reports about Zhang Ye's wedding!

"The beautiful bride amazes everyone at the wedding!"

"Zhang Ye's self-designed bridal gown revealed!"

"Prettier than anything in the world!"

"The bride's glamor puts celebrities to shame!"

The pictures were exposed!

The videos were published!

The people were overflowing with excitement!

"She's too beautiful!"

"Does she have to be this pretty!"

"I'm so jealous!"

"What karma did Zhang Ye earn in his past life?"

"Ahhhhh! My eyes have been blinded! She's really too beautiful!"

"This bridal gown's design is simply perfect. If it gets brought out onto the international stage, it might even be able to win some bridal gown design awards. Zhang Ye is really talented in too many areas!"

"This fellow is just like a bug; he has all kinds of skills!"

...

"A most unexpected guest at the wedding!"

"International Superstar Lillian dressed to the nines for Zhang Ye's wedding!"

"The guest list revealed!"

"SARFT's leaders in attendance!"

"Damn, it's really Lillian!"

"Ning Lan is there too?"

"Shanshan is hosting the wedding?"

"What a prestigious group of guests!"

"They're all there for Zhang Ye!"

"The SARFT's leaders are there too!"

"The SARFT's leaders are attending the wedding together with the celebrities of the entertainment circle. This is so weird! It's not a thing that could ever happen again in the future!"

"Yeah, just this point alone is enough for Zhang Ye's wedding to leave a mark on the history of the entertainment industry, and it's even an unprecedented mark. No other celebrity weddings could possibly outdo this. Good gracious, for a celebrity to get married and have the SARFT's officials come together to offer their congratulations, who else is capable of something like that?"

...

"The bride's team of relatives and friends make things 'difficult'!"

"Zhang Ye clears three tasks in a row!"

"One-syllable essays shock the guests in attendance!"

"Zhang Ye's five one-syllable essays gives the bridal team the shock of their lives!"

"The groom's talents shoot through the roof!"

"As proven: The winner of the highest domestic literary award is indeed well-deserved!"

"One-syllable essays?"

"Damn, I never even knew such things existed!"

"Jī jī jí jī jì?" [Narration on an Assembly of Starving Chickens on a Rocky Sandbar]

"Shī shìshíshī shǐ." [Lion-Eating Poet in the Stone Den]

"That's so scary!"

"He could even write something like that spontaneously?"

"Just how much abilities does Zhang Ye keep in his stomach!"

"Hahahaha, the bride's team have really encountered a tough opponent!"

"Yeah, they've given this fellow a chance to posture again!"

"When it comes to competing on literary skills, who would be a match for Zhang Ye?"

...

"Math can be this romantic?"

"A mathematical formula that surprises everyone!"

"A mathematician's way of expressing his love!"

"The heart equation makes its first appearance!"

"The romantic expression of Zhang Ye!"

"Holy fuck!"

"A mathematical formula?"

"A heart?"

"This is awesome!"

"I'm stunned!"

"That's too fucking awesome!"

"Using a math formula to graph a heart?"

"This tart can even be romantic? I'm kneeling!"

"This is eye-opening! This is really too goddamn eye-opening!"

"Zhang Ye's fancy tricks keep coming!"

...

"'When You Are Old adapted' into a song by Zhang Ye!"

"'Raise Your Wedding Veil For Me'?"

"The wedding ceremony turns into a showcase of Zhang Ye's new songs!"

"A 'Legend' that moved everyone!"

"Zhang Ye's tearful breakdown!"

"Both bride and groom in tears!"

"Great songs!"

"They're awesome!"

"Requesting a cleaner sounding upload of the song!"

"Is the original recording released yet?"

"'Legend' is such a nice song to listen to!"

"This song is so well-written!"

"Zhang Ye is going to be trending again!"

...

All kinds of information!

All kinds of news!

All kinds of songs!

In the end, a video recording of the entire wedding proceedings was uploaded. Instantly, everyone gathered around in a buzz as the views blew up!

A 100 million!

200 million!

300 million!

A few online video hosting sites were crippled by the network traffic!

The popularity of this video was pushed into first place without any suspense!

Zhang Ye's four songs also instantly charted onto the Top Chinese Music Chart. At #1 was his "Legend," which led the other songs by a mile. As for his other songs, "When You Are Old" was #2, "A Little Love Song" was #3, while "Raise Your Wedding Veil For Me" came in at #4. The top four songs on the chart were all Zhang Ye songs. He had taken over the chart with his songs, and all the other songs could only stand aside in their presence!

The search engine statistics show that the "heart formula" was number one on trending!

In the Weibo headlines, seven of the top ten trending topics were about Zhang Ye!

The media blew up!

Everyone was heatedly discussing it!

It was simply too crazy!

The news was entirely taken over by Zhang Ye's wedding!

The headlines were totally filled up by Zhang Ye's wedding!

On this day, Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing's wedding swept the entire Internet and country over and over again!

It was such pomp!

And it was truly unprecedented!

Bug - A Chinese slang for being overpowered due to a bug in the coding.

Chapter 1303: To the bridal chamber!

At night.

The moonlight was shining serenely.

At Taoran Pavilion's East Gate.

A car slowly drove into the district and parked in the garage of Old Wu's villa. When the car door opened, Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing got out and entered the house. The first floor's living room was no longer like before. It was now decorated with red everywhere. There were even lanterns and the characters of "double happiness" put up as well. It really did look like a newlywed's house.

After changing into a pair of slippers.

And taking off the tuxedo jacket.

Zhang Ye slumped onto the sofa, dead tired.

"Aiyo, I can't move anymore."

"That's because you were entertaining everyone whenever they offered you a toast."

"Hai, I was just feeling really happy."

"Do you want something to drink?"

"Yes, please."

"Alright, wait while I boil some water."

"Old Wu, should I buy a house?"

"There's no need. Isn't it fine to live here?"

"But now that we're married, it's doesn't feel right to live here."

"Then what are we going to do with this place? Leave it empty?"

"Yeah, leave it empty."

"Hur hur, that would be such a waste."

"Alright, we'll talk about it again in the future."

The water boiled.

Wu Zeqing made a cup of tea for him. "It's hot; let it cool first."

Zhang Ye laid there happily and said in satisfaction, "My wife is the best. Getting married is really too tiring. It's completely unlike what I've watched on TV. Look at what those Chinese weddings are like. They just bow to the Heavens and to Earth, then to the parents, then to each other, and off they go to the bridal chamber. But look at us. Where's the bridal chamber? We spent the entire day entertaining the guests and were kept busy throughout the wedding without end. Actually, this bro has been looking to go home since a long time ago."

"Then turn in early."

"Old Wu, I'm hungry."

"What do you want to eat?"

"Some hot soup noodles is enough."

"Alright."

Finally, there were only the two of them left.

Zhang Ye's eyes started misbehaving again. Wu Zeqing had already changed back into her own clothes. She was dressed in a gold qipao with a thin sweater and looked especially gentle in it. Looking at her doing the chores around the house, Zhang Ye felt his heart grow warmer. He looked at his watch and realized it was only 8 PM.

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Head upstairs first. I'll bring it up when it's done."

Zhang Ye stayed put. "I'm not moving unless you give me a kiss."

"I'm cooking. I'll do that later," Old Wu said.

"You can always cook after you've kissed me," Zhang Ye said.

In the end, Old Wu came over with a smile. Slightly bending her legs wrapped in nude stockings, she arched over with her untied hair sprawling onto his face and kissed his lips.

"Is that good enough?"

"Again."

"How's that then?"

"Again."

"I've already kissed you thrice."

"Alright, I've finally regained some strength!"

"Hur hur, go upstairs and wait for the noodles then."

Zhang Ye walked upstairs and opened the door to the master bedroom.

Two days ago, his mother packed and brought over his luggage along with some daily necessities. After all, he was going to settle in for the long haul, so he had to have everything prepared. As such, Zhang Ye's slippers and pajamas were all here as well. He nimbly changed into his pajamas and then rushed to sit down at the computer since there was nothing to do. He turned on the computer and shouted downstairs.

"Old Wu, let me use your computer."

Old Wu's voice came from below. "Go ahead."

Zhang Ye rubbed his hands together and started checking Weibo on the web browser. At times, he would laugh out loud, curse at something, or mumble to himself, like he was suffering from somniloquy 1 .

"Damn, who's scolding me!"

"Haha, go ahead and be jealous!"

"Yes, yes, that's exactly how awesome this bro is!"

"What? The Top Chinese Music Chart has been conquered by

me? Beautiful!"

"What? You guys have never seen a graph of a heart before? Well, that's true. It's high tech from my previous world, so of course none of you would have seen it before."

"The bridal gown design was beautiful, wasn't it? Y'all have great taste!"

Be it the online news or the comments from the people, Zhang Ye was finally free to browse them. Most of them were messages of blessings and reactions of amazement that made Zhang Ye's gratification burst at its seams. He was overjoyed to know how he must have reaped eight lifetimes of blessings to be able to marry such a beautiful wife. As such, this fellow wanted the whole world to know about it too. He even wished that he could stand atop the Tiananmen Tower and use a megaphone while holding Old Wu in his arms to tell them that she was his wife. Usually, he preferred to stay low-key. But this time, he was really enjoying the limelight. Look at this popularity, look at these discussions, look at all these looks of envy!

Footfalls approached.

When Old Wu came upstairs, Zhang Ye was still foolishly laughing to himself.

"What are you laughing about?" Old Wu said with a smile.

Zhang Ye spiritedly pointed to the screen and said, "Look, they're all so envious of me. Our wedding has bombarded the entire country several times over, and it's even slowly spreading to Asia. My popularity will definitely rise again, and I think it will rise by a lot too. Well, whatever, let's not care about that for now. It can rise however much it likes, and we can talk about getting to the S-list afterwards too. I don't care about all of that. I just want to spend my time with you and have our honeymoon together first. Everything else can wait for later."

Old Wu placed down two bowls of piping hot noodles.

"Let's eat the noodles first."

"You're hungry too?"

"Yes."

"Alright, let's eat together."

"How many days did you take off from work?"

"Me? I'll plan mine according to your schedule."

"I applied for seven days off."

"Only seven?"

"There's still a lot of work at the office, so it's already pretty good that I could get seven days off."

"Sure, I'll take seven days' break from work too then."

With many slurps, the big bowls of piping hot soup noodles were finished. It felt very nice eating them.

When he finished, Zhang Ye looked at Old Wu eagerly and asked, "Are you sleepy yet?"

Wu Zeqing smile and said, "Not really?"

Zhang Ye gave a hollow laugh and said, "But we should still go to bed soon."

Old Wu looked at her watch. "Sleep? Now?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye was restless. "We've been busy all day, so let's hurry and get some rest. And besides that, we still haven't gotten to the serious business."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "OK."

Zhang Ye said excitedly, "Then I'll go and shower first?"

Old Wu said, "Alright, you go first."

"I can't wait." Zhang Ye had already stood up. He said, "I'll go

over to the guest room to shower; you can take the master bedroom's shower. Let's meet back here when we're done."

In the guest bedroom.

In the shower.

This fellow only took three minutes to finish showering. Zhang Ye swore that he had never showered so quickly before in his life. He shampooed his head, applied some body wash, and brushed his teeth, almost doing all of it concurrently. But all that was still not enough to stop him from humming. His movements were really robust and nimble. This fellow had even resorted to using his Taiji Fist basics in here. With a quick shake of the face towel in his hand, his body was dry. This was indeed a case of a minute's brilliant performance onstage being attributed to ten years' of practice off it.

Why did he practice martial arts so hard for?

Why did he practice Taiji Fist so hard for?

It had been all for this moment of efficiency!

But by the time Zhang Ye had put on his bathrobe and rushed back to the master bedroom, he discovered that Wu Zeqing had not even finished taking off her clothes. She had just removed her stockings and was about to place them onto the end of the bed.

"Why aren't you showering?"

"I'm already done."

"So quickly?"

"Yeah!"

Wu Zeqing laughed. She stood up with her back facing Zhang Ye and said, "Just in time. The buttons on the back are difficult to undo. Why don't you help me with it?"

Zhang Ye stared straight at it. Without any hesitation, he said, "Sure, leave it to me!"

Quickly and easily, he undid all of them!

Old Wu said, "Hur hur, slowly."

Zhang Ye said, "I can't be slow!"

It's about efficiency!

Efficiency, my comrade!

Chapter 1304: Drawing first blood!

In the master bedroom.

The red pillows.

The red blanket.

The red mattress.

Zhang Ye had already gotten under the sheets and was lying in bed with a million thoughts racing through his mind. It wasn't easy getting here. How many competitors did he have to fend off before he painstakingly managed to get Wu Zeqing to marry him? Calm down, relax, you cannot be so impatient at this point in time. You've already waited all this time having known each other for so long and been in a relationship for almost two years now. It's only a few more minutes, so it isn't too much to ask to wait this bit longer, right?

Was it difficult?

Think about the Red Army's long march 1 !

Was it tiring?

Think about the revolutionary predecessors!

"Old Wu."

"What is it?"

"Are you done yet?"

"Soon."

A few minutes later.

"Old Wu."

"Eh?"

"Have you finished showering?"

"Almost."

Another few minutes later.

"Old Wu."

"I heard you."

"Can you hurry?"

"Hur hur, alright."

As she was trying to shower, all Zhang Ye did was nag.

Zhang Ye sat up from the bed, not feeling too good. Then he lay down again, but it did not feel right either. He turned over once more, but was still feeling restless. So he put on his slippers and got out of bed to pace around with his hands behind his back. Zhang Ye happened to come to the piano that was in the bedroom and looked down at it before sitting down at it.

Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath.

When Zhang Ye opened his eyes, his hand hovered over the piano keys.

As the light and joyful sound of the piano rippled through the air like flowing water, an image of a woman danced to life from the tune of the melody.

She was gentle and beautiful.

This was Beethoven's Für Elise 2 .

Its original name was Bagatelle No. 25 in A minor.

As Zhang Ye played, he calmed down.

...

In the district.

In a house.

"Hubby, listen to that."

"Who's playing the piano?"

"It sounds really nice."

"Yeah, what song is it?"

"I don't know."

...

In another house.

"Dad, did you put the music on?"

"No?"

"Then is that coming from outside? Someone is playing the piano?"

"Is it coming from that direction again? Someone also played the piano in that direction before."

"Yes, I remember it too. It was a pop music piece the last time, but it's different now!"

"It's really quite nice."

"Yeah, I think it's really good too."

...

In another house.

"Who is it? Why are they playing the piano at this time of the night!"

"Shhh!"

"What!"

"Stop talking, I'm listening to it!"

"Is it that good?"

"Shut up if you don't know anything!"

...

In another house.

This was the home of a piano teacher.

In the bedroom, a middle-aged couple was already asleep. Then

the middle-aged man was rudely awakened. He pricked up his ears and quickly sat up in bed.

His wife was also awakened. "What's the matter?"

The husband said in shock, "Wh-Who is that?"

The wife also heard the sound of the piano. She said in slight surprise, "Is that a rondo 3?"

The two of them grew even more surprised and shocked as they listened!

The wife gasped and said, "Which master is this?"

"Have you heard this melody before?"

"No, it's definitely not a published piece!"

The husband said aghast, "In all of China, the number of pianists who can play at such a level can be counted on one hand. In the world, there are no pianists who can write such a piece of music and are still alive. Who could it be? When did someone of such caliber move into our neighborhood?"

The musical piece was reaching its conclusion. Just as the melody was building up to its climax, it was suddenly followed by a descending chromatic scale over two octaves. At the same time, it tapered off until it reached a dynamics level where it blended back into the original theme. The final part of the piece ended with the omission of the arpeggiated series.

The couple was mesmerized by what they heard.

...

At Old Wu's residence.

In the bedroom.

The final note of the piece echoed.

Zhang Ye pulled his hands back, finally feeling satisfied.

Clapping suddenly rang out from behind.

When Zhang Ye turned around to look, he smiled and said, "You've finished showering?"

Wu Zeqing was clapping slowly as she said, "That was really such a great piece of music. What's it called?"

Zhang Ye casually answered, "Für Elise."

Wu Zeqing looked at him and asked, "Who is Elise?"

Hearing that, Zhang Ye was taken aback.

Who is Elise?

How the hell would I know who Elise is!

Zhang Ye was afraid that Old Wu would misunderstand that he knew a woman named Elise, so he anxiously explained, "Hai, I was just giving it a name. If you're fine with it, I can call it Für Zeqing, or Für Wang Erhong, or even Für Widow Sun." If Beethoven were living in this world, the first person that he would want dead would probably be Zhang Ye.

Wu Zeqing laughed and said, "What kind of names are those."

Zhang Ye stood up. "So are we going to bed now?"

Old Wu said reluctantly, "I still haven't heard enough."

"Aiya, let's talk about that tomorrow." Zhang Ye couldn't hold himself back anymore and said, "If you really want to hear it, I'll hold a recital for you tomorrow. I'll play for you alone for three days and three nights. It's getting really late now, so we shouldn't bother the neighbors in the district. Let's hurry to bed."

Old Wu nodded.

Zhang Ye got into bed first and burrowed under the sheets. He even flipped open the other end of the blanket and said, "Hurry, hurry."

Wu Zeqing smiled and nodded, walking over slowly. She elegantly took off her slippers and lifted up her leg that was under

her bathrobe and slid it under the blanket. She had just finished taking a hot shower, and it felt like her leg was still emitting some of that warmth.

It was fair and smooth!

It smelled sweet and tender!

And there was even quite a bit of suppleness to it!

Her leg was too beautiful!

Beneath the sheets, it was suddenly filled with the fragrance of a woman.

Zhang Ye nudged himself over and started caressing.

Old Wu did not move away as she stayed there meekly.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye became even bolder. That satisfaction he felt in his heart did not even need to be mentioned. If it wasn't because of the atmosphere, he would have burst into song. " That is a magical heavenly road, heyyyyy! 4 "

Ba da.

The lights were flipped off.

Creak.

Creak.

The bed started rocking.

It felt like spring had arrived within the sheets.

Five minutes later.

The creaking stopped.

"Old Wu."

"Eh?"

"Why don't you put on the Chinese Kwa?"

"Why?"

"I thought you looked really pretty when you were wearing it today. It was really nice."

"Hur hur, alright."

"I'll go and get it for you."

Ba da. The lights were flipped back on.

Zhang Ye brought the clothes over and Old Wu changed into it.

The lights were dimmed.

Creak.

Creak.

Creak.

Five minutes later.

It went quiet again under the sheets.

"Darling."

"Hm?"

"Why don't you put on the bridal gown this time for me to see?"

"You want me to wear it again?"

"I haven't had enough of seeing you in it yet. I only got a few looks today."

"OK."

"Where is it? I'll get it."

"It's in the suitcase that we brought back."

"Alright."

Zhang Ye ran over to get it.

Wu Zeqing changed into the bridal gown.

The bridal gown was tighter and harder to get into. Zhang Ye eagerly helped Old Wu with it and tinkered around for a long time before she finally got it on. In the end, he even made a request to

her.

"Put on the high heels too."

"The high heels too?"

"It's nicer if you wear them."

"OK."

"Don't dim the lights any further, or I won't be able to see."

"Mmm."

"Can you lay down over there?"

"How do you want me to lie down?"

"No, not that way. This way."

"This way?"

"That's right, that's right!"

"Hur hur, done."

"OK!"

On this night.

Old Wu went through quite a few costume changes.

On this night.

Zhang Ye drew first blood and arrived at the peak of his life!

Chapter 1305: Drawing second blood!

The next day.

Early in the morning.

Muted sounds of people talking drifted up as they passed by the window.

"Old Li, going to work?"

"That's right."

"Do you know who was playing the piano last night?"

"Oh, you heard that too?"

"Of course, it was such a joy listening to it."

"When I finished listening to it, it felt like I still hadn't had enough."

"Could it be that piano teacher in our district who played it?"

"I don't think so, the direction of the music didn't seem to come from his house."

"That's strange then, did someone new move in?"

"Maybe it's some master pianist."

In the room.

Zhang Ye had already woken up. He stretched and let out a loud yawn. This night of sleep felt very nice. He flipped onto his side and flopped his arm down but was met with nothing. He patted the empty blanket and realized that there was no one there anymore.

Eh?

Where did my wife go to?

Looking around the bedroom, he saw that it had been tidied up.

The qipao?

The bridal gown?

The Chinese Kwa?

The stockings?

The high heels?

The clothes that were scattered all over the floor last night were no longer there. Even Zhang Ye's own clothes that he had casually thrown onto the chair had been neatly folded and placed piece by piece onto the nightstand. One look and Zhang Ye knew that Wu Zeqing had tidied it up. Old Wu was a meticulous type of person who liked to keep things neat, so she would never leave her things lying around. Meanwhile, Zhang Ye was the polar opposite. This fellow was more carefree and would always leave his clothes lying around. He never folded his bedsheets either.

It sounded like someone was downstairs.

Zhang Ye smiled, then put on his slippers and got out of bed to head downstairs. As the slippers were made of cotton, they didn't really make noise while walking. He deliberately lightened his footsteps as he walked downstairs. The moment he came down, he saw Wu Zeqing cooking in the open kitchen. She was dressed in a domestic attire with an apron on top and was frying something.

Zhang Ye sneaked up and hugged her from behind.

Wu Zeqing turned around and laughed. "You scared me."

Zhang Ye said, "Why are you up so early?"

"It's my biological clock." Old Wu was frying some bacon. "You got up at just the right time; it's time for breakfast. When we're done eating, we still have to head over to your mom's place."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Alright."

Old Wu looked at him. "Wait."

"What?" Zhang Ye blinked.

"Don't move." Old Wu reached out to fiddle with the messy hair on his head before saying, "OK, go and wash your face first. When you're finished, breakfast should almost be ready."

"Let me help you fry them."

"There's no need."

"Aiya, I can't always let you do all the chores."

"Hur hur, it's fine, I can handle this by myself."

"Well, alright then, thanks."

"It's nothing."

Old Wu's virtuousness really could not be picked on.

After breakfast, they drove over to Zhang Ye's parents' house.

...

Caishikou.

In the neighborhood.

When the car stopped, Zhang Ye immediately spotted his mother outside the apartment complex chatting with their neighbors. He saw her chattering away and wondered what she was bragging about this time.

"Hey!"

"It's Little Ye's car!"

"Sister Cao, your son and daughter-in-law are back!"

They got out of the car.

Zhang Ye called out from afar, "Mom."

Wu Zeqing also said with a smile, "Mom."

His mother swelled with pride. "Hey, hey, you're here? Come over quickly, Zeqing. Let me introduce you to a few of our old neighbors. This here is Auntie Sun, this is Auntie Cui, that is Grandpa Xu—" After introducing them one by one, his mother

turned to them and pointed at Wu Zeqing, declaring proudly, "This is my daughter-in-law!" With that, it was clear that they had walked in on Zhang Ye's mother's bragging time.

The neighbors surrounded them in excitement.

"Old Cao, your daughter-in-law is so beautiful."

"That's right, she's even prettier in person than on the news and in pictures!"

"Our Little Ye is so blessed."

"Little Ye, you had better treat your wife well in the future."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "That's for sure."

Auntie Sun said, "We had to catch your wedding on television yesterday. Why didn't you invite us? Now you owe us a meal."

Everyone hooted.

"That's right."

"You owe us a meal!"

"Little Ye, you're terrible."

Zhang Ye said happily, "Alright, you're all picking on me now. Actually, yesterday's wedding ceremony was just a show for the media. So many reporters were there and it was so chaotic, so I didn't dare invite you all. I'll arrange another day with Old Wu to treat you all to a meal, alright? It'll only be the old neighbors, no outsiders."

"Sure!"

"We'll be waiting then!"

"You said it yourself, Little Ye."

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, I said it."

His mother decided, "Then let's have it the day after tomorrow. We'll reserve a few tables and have a meal together."

"No problem."

"We will definitely be there."

"Right, right, everyone must come."

"Let's all have a good time together."

Back upstairs.

The three of them came back.

His father was reading the newspapers when he heard them and looked up. "Zeqing, you're here?"

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Dad, you're reading the news?"

His father smiled and said, "Yes, your mom went out to buy the newspapers this morning and brought them back for me to read. The headlines are all about you and Little Ye. Oh yes, have you two had breakfast yet?"

Wu Zeqing said, "We came after eating."

His mother was still smiling from earlier. She said, "Both of you had such a tiring day yesterday. I said that you could stay home to rest for a while more and that you don't have to come over so early today. We're very casual about such things and don't really pay attention to these traditions 1 that much."

Old Wu said, "Mom, it's fine."

Zhang Ye said, "We still have to go and visit the relatives anyway. This should have been done before the wedding itself, but since we were really busy beforehand and couldn't spare any time, we must definitely go and see them now that the wedding is over. We have to visit Grandma's place, and Aunt's place too. Where are we going first this afternoon? Grandma's place?"

His mother said, "Yes, we'll go to your grandma's place first."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Alright."

His father asked, "Aren't you two going on a honeymoon?"

Wu Zeqing chuckled. "Little Ye and I don't have too many days off from work. We only have a few days of leave, so we discussed it and decided that we won't be going anywhere far."

After making some small talk.

His father looked at his watch. "It's still a while until the afternoon. Why don't you two get a little more rest?"

Zhang Ye yawned the moment he heard that. "I did wake up quite early."

"Then go and catch up on some sleep." His mother said, "Zeqing, go and lie down too."

Old Wu smiled and said, "OK."

The door closed.

Both of them went back into Zhang Ye's room.

Zhang Ye was very sleepy. He took off his slippers and buried himself underneath the sheets. Even though Old Wu's house was big and nicely furnished, Zhang Ye still found his own bed more comfortable. After all, he had been sleeping here for over 20 years.

Old Wu sat down. "You get some rest; I'll read for a while."

Zhang Ye asked, "Hey, aren't you sleeping?"

"I'm not tired."

"Just lie down for a while. I can't sleep if I don't have my arms around you."

"Hur hur, alright."

"Take off your clothes."

"It's too troublesome to take these autumn clothes off."

"Just take them off."

"Why?"

"Ahem, no reason."

"Aren't you sleepy?"

"Seeing you, I feel all awake again."

"Dad and Mom are outside."

"We can be quiet."

"Didn't we just do it yesterday."

"Yesterday was yesterday, today is today."

"Oh, you."

"Gogogo!"

"Then make sure we keep it down, alright?"

"Alright, understood!"

On this morning, Zhang Ye drew second blood!!

Chapter 1306: Doing a favor

Noon.

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

When the door opened, Zhang Ye's grandpa and grandma, his three uncles and aunties, and his three sisters were already here. Lunch was almost ready and it looked like it was going to be a very sumptuous meal. After all, this was Wu Zeqing's first visit. Even though they had already met each other during the wedding and also spoken, there were too many outsiders around at that time. And with the couple so busy entertaining guests yesterday, they didn't really manage to talk much. Only today could they have a proper conversation.

Zhang Ye led Wu Zeqing around to greet everyone.

Wu Zeqing said, "Grandpa, Grandma."

Grandma replied, "Hello! Hello!"

Wu Zeqing asked, "How has your health been, Grandpa and Grandma?"

"Pretty good," Grandma said with a broad smile.

"I heard from Little Ye that Grandpa hasn't been feeling too well recently?"

"Hai, it's just some old chronic problems; it's nothing much. Mengmeng's mother, what are you looking at, all starstruck? Hurry up and bring my granddaughter-in-law some water. Shouldn't you know what to do!"

Old Wu said, "It's fine, Third Aunt, I'll help myself."

Zhang Ye's third aunt smiled and said, "Zeqing, take a seat and don't bother yourself."

Mengmeng came over eagerly. "Sister-in-law."

"Hey, Mengmeng." Old Wu smiled.

Mengmeng said in envy, "Sister-in-law, you're so pretty."

Old Wu replied, "Hur hur, thank you. You'll be even prettier when you grow up."

"Really?" Cao Mengmeng got very excited.

Only to hear Zhang Ye add, "You really believe that?"

Cao Mengmeng said angrily, "Brother! I really want to hit you!"

His grandma slapped her head and said, "You, how can you speak like this to your brother?"

Cao Mengmeng wailed, "Look at this, just look at this, Grandma is being biased again!"

Everyone laughed.

Zhang Ye's mother was the eldest in her family, and Zhang Ye was also the eldest one of his generation. Together with the fact that he was a male, his grandpa and grandma naturally doted on him more. Now that Zhang Ye had married Wu Zeqing, his status in the family was elevated even further. Grandpa and Grandma couldn't be more proud of that, so of course they would side more with their grandson.

...

Elsewhere.

In the Celebrity Goof Group.

A B-list female celebrity posted several news links in the group.

"Ning Lan's new movie banned?"

"Distribution company reveals film has yet to pass approval process!"

"Due to a few scenes that violated the rules, Ning Lan's new film won't get released in time for the Lunar New Year festivities?"

Everyone emerged.

Zhang Xia: "Little Ning, what's the matter?"

Director Li Ke: "It hasn't been approved yet?"

Xiaodong: "Sister Ning, is it serious?"

Ning Lan responded: "Hai, don't mention it anymore. We don't even know how to deal with it. All our plans have been disrupted. Those scenes were not originally planned and wouldn't affect the plot either. They've already been deleted, but the approval board has rejected it. It doesn't matter what is being said anymore."

Huo Dongfang: "Have you received the remuneration yet?"

Ning Lan sent a crying emoji. "What could I have received? I didn't ask for a remuneration this time and opted to get a share of the box office earnings instead. Now that it can't even be released, how can I possibly get any payment? If the film doesn't make it in time for the holiday screening, the company will suffer a big loss for sure. This turn of events has come too suddenly this time. It was also our own fault for not handling it well and taking all the considerations. Otherwise, we could have been preparing for distribution already if the approval had made it through the first time."

Li Ke suggested: "Try to pull some strings to get the problem resolved."

Ning Lan: "Who can we find? The sponsors have only an average influence in the industry and can't get direct access to the top to speak with them. The film is stuck now because the authorities are not passing it."

Amy suddenly said: "Try looking for Teacher Zhang."

Ning Lan: "He has only just held his wedding. Is this really appropriate?"

Xiaodong: "I think he didn't go on a honeymoon. He's probably

still in Beijing."

Chen Guang: "Yes, try to ask Zhang Ye."

...

Late in the evening.

Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing were driving back to Taoran Pavilion. They had been to his maternal grandma's house in the afternoon, followed by his paternal aunt's place in the evening. After a day of visiting his relatives, Zhang Ye felt like it still wasn't enough. He really enjoyed such gatherings with his family. With all his work pushed back, spending every day traveling with Old Wu was such a nice feeling. This was why a person had to take a proper vacation to enjoy themselves and not think about anything else. Otherwise, if they kept working every day, not even an iron man could bear it.

"Old Wu, what should we do when we get back?"

"Let's watch a movie?"

"Sure, we'll stream one on your computer."

"Hur hur, OK."

As they were chatting, his cell phone rang.

Wu Zeqing picked it up and asked, "How do you want to answer it?"

Zhang Ye said as he drove, "Put it on speakerphone."

Old Wu answered the call.

It was from Ning Lan.

"Zhang'er, it's me."

"Sister Ning, what's the matter?"

"Are you at home?"

"I'm on the road and will be arriving home soon."

"We haven't had a meal in a long time. Do you want to meet up?"

"I just ate dinner. What is it? Is something wrong?"

"Well, there's something. It's about a movie."

"A movie? Then do you want to come over to my place?"

"Is that appropriate?"

"Just come over, we're all family."

"Sure, but I might be bringing two people along with me."

"Alright, I'll be waiting for you then. I'll send you the address in a bit."

In the entertainment circle, friends were usually quite open to meeting and having discussions at their own homes. This was because doing so out in the public was quite inconvenient. If you were slightly more famous, people would still recognize you even with sunglasses and a face mask on. When the reporters arrived and the fans started gathering around, what conversation could be made? Wouldn't it be better to just go home?

After reaching home.

Zhang Ye happily walked upstairs with Old Wu. They picked a movie to watch on the computer and found that there weren't too many sources for the newer films. In the end, they selected a film from half a year ago after browsing through the titles. Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing had both chosen the same romance film when the doorbell rang.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Start the download."

Old Wu acknowledged, "OK, go on and answer the door."

When he got downstairs and opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of Ning Lan. The two people standing beside her, though, he didn't know. "Come on in and have a seat."

"Boss Zhang."

"Sorry to bother you, Boss Zhang."

Those two people were speaking very politely.

But Ning Lan did not stand on ceremony with Zhang Ye. The moment she stepped into the house, she looked around and remarked, "This space doesn't look cheap? Did you buy this villa recently? Not bad at all."

Zhang Ye shrugged. "I didn't buy it. It's my wife's place."

When those two people heard that, they exchanged a glance and looked even more cautious.

Zhang Ye poured them some tea. "So what is it, Sister Ning?"

"Have you read the news yet?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "No, how would I have the time to do that in recent days?"

"True." Ning Lan frowned and said, "Well, your sis here has encountered some trouble. The new holiday movie that I just took part in has not been approved and was left in limbo by the authorities." She explained the issue in detail to Zhang Ye and said at the end, "Actually, it was our fault to begin with. We did not make sure that everything was in order before sending it in for approval, so it ended up this way. I kept thinking about it but just couldn't come up with any ideas on how to handle it. It's almost time for the cinemas to schedule their screenings for the holidays. If we don't quickly get it in, we'll definitely miss the timing. That's why I came to look for you to see if anything could be done. If it weren't an urgent matter, I wouldn't have come looking for you at this time. So what do you think? Can you help?"

The other two people were from the film distributors. They also lamented about the situation.

Zhang Ye knew what they were trying to say. "Since Boss Ning has asked, I definitely have to help. But this is not something that I can make a decision on. I can only ask for you."

He shouted upstairs, "Old Wu."

A moment later, Wu Zeqing came down.

Ning Lan smiled. "Chief Wu, sorry to disturb you so late at night."

Old Wu smiled and said, "It's fine."

Then Zhang Ye said, "Their film has been stopped on your end."

"Which one?" Old Wu asked.

Zhang Ye said, "Flames of War."

Wu Zeqing nodded. "I know. I heard that there were some scenes that violated the guidelines and that the relevant people have notified you all to get it changed, right?"

One of the people from the film distributor said respectfully, "Yes, they've already notified us and we carried out the changes immediately. But when we sent it in the second time, we heard nothing about it."

Old Wu asked, "Have all the necessary changes been made?"

The other person from the film distributor immediately answered, "We've changed everything so that there shouldn't be any issues."

Wu Zeqing acknowledged, "Alright, I know what to do then. I'll make a call to hurry them up for you. If there's nothing wrong with the source footage, then everything should proceed."

The two people immediately gave their thanks.

"Thank you, Chief Wu!"

"We're really grateful to you!"

After sitting for a while more, they hurriedly left so as not to disturb them anymore.

Zhang Ye saw them out.

Ning Lan quietly whispered to him, "Thanks."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Come on, you don't have to be so polite. You should do something more practical instead, like treating me to a big meal."

Ning Lan was amused. "If I have to treat anyone, it would be your wife. But then again, you've really helped me big time. There is finally someone in the artists' circle who can speak to the people at the top. Everyone has better days ahead. Zhang'er, it's all credit to you."

Zhang Ye said righteously, "Hai, it's just a small matter. If I don't descend into Hell, who will?"

Ning Lan rolled her eyes. "Whoa, how is that Hell? I can see that you'll have quite beautiful days ahead."

Zhang Ye chuckled, "Haha, I guess so."

...

The SARFT was really efficient in handling the matter.

Of course, this was in the context of the matter being brought to the attention of Wu Zeqing.

On that night, the film distributor received news that *Flames of War* had been approved. With the movie approved and the paperwork filed, they could finally set the screening dates.

This news left many of those from the film distributor and the film crew very excited!

In the Goof Group.

Ning Lan sent a message: "@ZhangYe It's settled, thanks!"

Xiaodong asked: "Has it been approved already?"

Amy said in surprise: "That fast?"

Ning Lan posted a smiley face. "It's been approved. It was all credit to Boss Zhang, what a loyal friend!"

...

However, Zhang Ye did not reply.

This was because he didn't have the time to pay attention about the chat group.

At Old Wu's house, Zhang Ye was busy drawing third blood from Old Wu after they finished watching the movie!

Chapter 1307: The return, and a new high in popularity!

A week later.

On this morning, it was snowing heavily in the streets.

A familiar piece of music was playing in the vicinity of Zhang Ye's Studio. On one side, the aunties had taken a corner of the garden and were plaza dancing. On the other side, Yang Shu was leading the uncles from the neighboring neighborhoods to practice Taiji Fist. The two parties did not encroach on each other's territories and over the course of many daily encounters, it had always worked out peacefully.

"Eh, Senior Bro!"

"Little Yang, you're practicing Taiji?"

"Yup."

The moment he spoke, everyone turned to look at him.

"Zhang Ye is here."

"It's Little Zhang!"

"Heh, you're totally different after your wedding. You look so much more spirited."

"Teacher Little Zhang, happy marriage to you."

"Your wife is really beautiful. You're very blessed."

"You're back from your honeymoon already?"

"When are you going to try for a kid?"

"We haven't seen you in so many days."

The neighbors chattered away as they gathered around.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Yes, my break's over. I haven't worked in half a month, so I'm officially back starting today."

Otherwise, I won't be able to feed myself if I run out of money. Well, thank you everyone for your concern. Please carry on with your activities. I have to get to work." He then turned to Yang Shu and told her, "The snow is pretty heavy, so don't practice for too long. They're all uncles and aunties and aren't young anymore. Don't let anyone slip and fall. They're not as strong as you are."

Yang Shu said respectfully, "Got it, Senior Bro."

Only then did Zhang Ye proceed upstairs.

At the studio.

Zhang Ye pushed the door open and entered. "Good morning, everyone."

Everyone looked over and were pleasantly surprised.

"Wow!"

"Director Zhang!"

"Why are you back?"

"I thought you were going to take a few more days off?"

"Good morning, Director Zhang!"

"Good morning to you, Director Zhang."

Ha Qiqi.

Zhang Zuo.

Little Wang.

Tong Fu.

The staff were all present. In recent days when Zhang Ye had stopped all of his work, the staff obviously could not stop theirs. A lot of matters had to be handled by them, especially since his wedding had such a great effect, even to the point of causing a stir in the Asian region. As a result, it would be odd if they could get any rest at all, but at the same time, it was the reason why they had to hold the fort. This was so that Zhang Ye could rest properly for

many days without anyone disturbing him.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Everyone has done a great job during this period of time. My break is officially over and I will be starting work again today. Come on, let's have a meeting. I haven't checked the Internet much during my break, so I'm not up to speed about many things. Is there a summary? Just briefly run it through with me. Come."

In the meeting room.

The key staff members were all in attendance.

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "Do you want to hear the good news or the bad news first?"

"Let's go with the bad news first." Zhang Ye shrugged.

Ha Qiqi brought out a document. "This is our tabulation of those seven S-listers' activities and their popularity scores. Ever since our target of reaching the S-list was made known, those seven Heavenly Kings and Queens also started making big moves. Three of them have made the biggest moves of all. It includes the screening of their movies, Internet livestreaming, targeting an international award, taking part in a global new year countdown concert, and so on and so forth. They've gained a large increase in their popularity scores and has resulted in them advancing a small step from before."

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "We can't do anything about that. This is a fair competition, so we cannot expect them to do nothing. If we want to make an assault on the top spots, then we must allow them to defend too."

Zhang Zuo said, "Right, we expected this. If those Heavenly Kings and Queens did not do anything after learning our plans, then that would truly be strange. Nobody had it easy when reaching their current status. To be sitting in those spots at the top of the entertainment industry for so many years, who would be willing to

give it up just like that?"

The S-listers could no longer stay quiet.

They were very active and were garnering more and more popularity.

This was indeed bad news.

Zhang Ye asked, "Then what is the good news?"

The studio's staff smiled at one another.

"Look at this." Ha Qiqi pushed a form over to Zhang Ye. "This is your popularity score curve from before your wedding up until today. It's skyrocketed!"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "By this much?"

Zhang Zuo said excitedly, "Although those seven people have drummed up quite a bit of activity, the speed of their popularity growth has not been as fast as yours in recent days. In fact, they're lagging by a lot compared to you. Your wedding has shocked everyone all over the nation."

Little Wang interrupted, "Not only that, it has shocked everyone in Asia!"

Zhang Ye blinked and said, "Asia?"

Tong Fu guffawed. "Director Zhang, don't you know?"

Zhang Ye said, "Know about what?"

Tong Fu said excitedly, "You're already on the Asian A-list rankings!"

Zhang Ye was stunned. "Really? No way, right? I was still hovering in the B-list, wasn't I?"

"This was just reflected in yesterday's update of the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index." Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "If you had bought a copy of the morning newspapers on the way here, you would have known. We've also analyzed the reason for this. First,

your popularity in China has soared by a lot, moving you closer and closer to the S-list. Naturally, your popularity score in the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index would go up as well. After all, the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index also takes into account one's domestic popularity, so it rises along with that. Second, it was mainly because of how shocking your wedding ceremony was. Be it the status of your wife, the songs that you wrote at your wedding, or the mathematical equation that you used, all of it was too shocking. Oh yes, there was also that incident where you swept the global servers in Go that brought you great attention in the Asian region. Regarding your wedding, it even got on the entertainment headlines in Japan and Korea. You're also the first person in history to become an Asian A-lister without stepping out of the country!"

Everyone laughed at the fact.

Japan?

Korea?

Yes, Director Zhang had never been to those places before!

Yet he could still get promoted into the Asian A-list? Even if he was at the bottom few spots, an A-lister was still an A-lister!

There really weren't too many artists in China who were ranked as an A-list celebrity in both the domestic and Asian region at the same time. After all, the Hallyu wave was still the predominant culture in the Asian region.

Copies and copies of data.

Copies and copies of tables.

After going through everything, Zhang Ye made a decision!

This situation was really good!

How delightful!

But he still placed the most importance on his domestic

popularity. If he didn't reach the top of the domestic rankings, everything else would be pointless. Be it the Asian stage or the international stage, all of those matters would have to be considered at a later time. Zhang Ye also had not consciously made any plans to advance to the international stage, so the most important thing right now was to take a spot in the S-list and reach the summit of the domestic entertainment circle first. Moreover, Zhang Ye's initial plan did not leave much time for this to be done. He was hoping to get this done before the year ended, which meant he had to settle this big affair around the time when the Spring Festival Gala was to take place. All of that had been discussed since the very beginning.

Zhang Ye chuckled. "We've already completed the several milestones of the 'Reach the Summit' plan."

Zhang Zuo added, "How was that just completing it? We basically surpassed every one of the targets. We're now only a step away from reaching the S-list!"

Zhang Ye looked at them. "There's still that final milestone left in the 'Reach the Summit' plan. I guess we can start on it?"

Zhang Zuo laughed and said, "Of course!"

Ha Qiqi said, "It's about time!"

Little Wang got all excited!

Tong Fu was looking forward to it!

Wu Yi could feel his pulse racing!

That's right!

They were only a step away!

Zhang Ye's popularity had soared again after his wedding like it didn't cost a thing!

Just one more step and Zhang Ye would be able to reach the summit of the Chinese entertainment circle!

They had been waiting and anticipating this moment for too long!

Chapter 1308: The invitation from Central TV's Spring Festival Gala!

Later that morning.

The studio's staff were all getting into action.

Zhang Ye was not sitting idle either and had already started writing a script.

Singing?

Performing a crosstalk?

Or performing a skit?

He deleted and changed it many times as he kept working hard on it.

In the end, Zhang Ye was still undecided about what to do. So he thought that he might as well call Yao Jiancai to ask him over.

When Old Yao arrived, Zhang Ye had him to sit down and handed him a crosstalk script. "I've written something in broad strokes. Take a look and tell me how is it, please."

Yao Jiancai was still unsure about what was going on. "Why?"

"Have a look first," Zhang Ye urged.

When Yao Jiancai had a look, he was stunned. After he came back around, he started wondering why Zhang Ye had written a crosstalk script. Was there a performance or gala coming up soon?

The answer was too obvious!

Old Yao said in a stunned manner, "Holy shit! You're planning to go on the Spring Festival Gala?"

Zhang Ye threw up his hands. "Do you have to be this surprised?"

"How is this not surprising!" Yao Jiancai exclaimed.

Zhang Ye said, "Let me correct you, first of all. It's not that I'm

planning to go on the Spring Festival Gala, we are planning to go on the Spring Festival Gala." With a pause, he smacked his lips and said, "But this script is too sloppy and won't be suitable for a stage like the Spring Festival Gala. Although I can also do a more formal type of crosstalk, that's not our style at all. Why don't we perform a skit instead?"

Yao Jiancai interrupted, "Before talking about what kind of a performance to do, can you first consider the possibility of getting invited to the gala?"

"In the past, I couldn't. But it's different now," Zhang Ye said with a smile.

Yao Jiancai was startled and finally realized it. "That's right, I nearly forgot!"

"Haha, so are you gonna join me or not?"

"Of course! How can I miss out on something as good as this!"

"That's that, then."

"You're really going to make a push for the S-list?"

"Yep."

"Alright then, let this old bro give you a helping hand!"

The last step of the "Reach the Summit" plan was: get on the Central TV Spring Festival Gala!

There really weren't too many A-list celebrities who hadn't been on the Central TV Spring Festival Gala. But Zhang Ye was exactly one of those few oddities that existed, even though this didn't mean that he would never get on the Spring Festival Gala. It was just that he didn't get a chance to do so in the past. In recent years, Central TV's Spring Festival Gala had been scolded and criticized by an enormous amount of people, yet this was still the largest stage that one could be on in China with nothing else coming close. Be it Zhang Ye's A Bite of China, King of Masked Singers, The

Voice, or I Am a Singer, the viewership ratings of those shows would not even make up a tiny portion that the gala would get. The number of viewers for all of those show also could not outnumber the Spring Festival Gala's audience numbers even if they were all added together. This was because they were on a totally different magnitude of performance stages. In the entire country, and even across Asia or the entire world, there wasn't another stage that was bigger than the stage of China's Spring Festival Gala!

This was what the Spring Festival Gala was!

The one and only of its kind in the world!

Back when the studio was drawing up the "Reach the Summit" plan, they had not really considered the feasibility and practicality of the proposal. Zhang Ye had told them to come up with anything that they could think of and to be more daring with their ideas. That was how they came up with such a proposal in the end. At that time, Zhang Ye and Central TV's relationship was at a low as they battled each other with seething passion. Central TV had entirely banned him at that time, so not to mention having him appear on the Spring Festival Gala, if he even dared to come through the main entrance of Central TV, he would surely get a lot of disdainful looks. As such, this last step of the "Reach the Summit" plan was also the most difficult one of all. At the beginning, none of the studio's staff thought that this could be accomplished.

So who could have expected that all of that would change in a few months down the road?

Central TV had gone through a leadership change!

Zhang Ye was reported about on News Simulcast!

All of these indicated that the relationship between Zhang Ye and Central TV was finally thawing!

And the most crucial factor was that Zhang Ye had married the head of the SARFT. This made the situation even harder to gauge. Disregarding anything else, just the ban should no longer be in effect. So if you seriously thought about it, at this point in time, there was actually hope that Zhang Ye could get on this year's Spring Festival Gala. In fact, he even stood a very great chance of doing so. The director of this year's Spring Festival Gala had already been decided. It was Director Li Ke, one of the top three directors of the Chinese film industry. Zhang Ye knew him personally, and it could even be said that they had quite a good relationship. The two of them had worked together during the opening ceremony of the Olympics, and Li Ke also attended his wedding.

It was a golden opportunity!

This should be the closest that Zhang Ye had gotten to appearing on the Spring Festival Gala!

If he wanted to make it into the S-list, how could he not appear on the Spring Festival Gala? Therefore, this was why it was included as the last step in the "Reach the Summit" plan. This would be Zhang Ye's final push to get him into the S-list!

Now.

A call came in.

It was Ha Qiqi who answered. After a few words, she hung up and then announced excitedly, "Comrades, the Spring Festival Gala's production team has officially invited Director Zhang to appear on the show!"

"Ah!"

"That's great!"

"They've really sent out the invitation!"

"I knew it!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Then let's make the most of today to get the show out."

"Alright!"

"Got it!"

Everyone was motivated and gung ho!

Dong Shanshan also dropped by.

Zhang Ye waved to her. "Hurry up, Shanshan. It's time to go through the script!"

Dong Shanshan laughed and said, "Are you serious?"

"Of course I am!" Zhang Ye said.

Yao Jiancai said, "The Spring Festival Gala's production team has officially invited Zhang Ye to the show."

Dong Shanshan shrugged. "Alright, but we better not get eliminated when it goes up for selection. That would be too embarrassing."

Zhang Ye was a little exasperated. "My dear classmate, can you have a little more confidence in me? How bad can it be if it's a skit written by this bro?"

Dong Shanshan beamed and said, "Just because you came up with that reject prostitution, reject gambling, and reject table tennis skit during Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala? Haven't you been scolded enough?"

"That was an exception. I'll write a better one this time." Zhang Ye cleared his throat.

Yao Jiancai chuckled and said, "Come on, Shanshan."

Dong Shanshan said, "Alright then."

The decision of appointing the executive director for the Spring Festival Gala had dragged on for a very long time this year. The main issue was that no one had wanted to take this "hot potato" of

a job. In the end, it was still Li Ke who took it on. It was also during this time that the program list would slowly start forming as show proposals from all over the country got submitted to them before a selection was carried out. There was still quite a bit of time before the Spring Festival Gala took place, but the preparations for it had already kicked off. The countdown to the Spring Festival Gala had begun!

...

In a crosstalk troupe.

"Old Tang, this script isn't good enough!"

"Hai, let's keep working on it."

"Little Sun, you guys come up with another version."

"It's already been a month, but we still haven't come up with an acceptable version?"

"Everyone, let's put more effort in! The show selection has already begun!"

...

In a dance school.

"Do it once more!"

"That's not good enough, again!"

"Little He, what's with you!"

"Little Sun, how many times do I have to criticize you? Your movements are too soft!"

"What kind of a stage is the Spring Festival Gala? We've been practicing for half a year, but the two dances are still not good enough! I'll say this to you all. Either do it well, or I'll replace you with someone else!"

...

At a skit actor's house.

"How's the script!"

"It's not working out. I can't write it."

"We're almost out of time."

"Give me another two weeks. I'll come up with something even if I die trying!"

"Are you sure you can finish it within two weeks?"

"I can definitely do it this time!"

"Alright!"

...

For one show.

Some people prepared for three months.

Some people prepared for six months.

There were even some people who took a full year to prepare for it.

This was what the Central TV Spring Festival Gala was. It was a stage with the most brutal competition as everyone gave their all just to be able to get on the show. Further, they weren't even guaranteed a spot.

In contrast, the situation was wholly different at Zhang Ye's Studio!

The scripts were getting completed too easily!

It was so easy that it was scary!

One after another!

And another!

Later that afternoon.

"Old Yao, what do you think of this script?"

"Eh? There's still another one?"

"Yeah, read it!"

"Alright—OK, I'm done reading it. It's really good! It's fantastic!"

"Shanshan, what do you think?"

"It's not as good as the last one."

"Is that so? Then I'll write another one."

"Ah? You're still writing more?"

"Yeah, I want everyone to agree on it!"

"This, this is already more than enough."

During the morning hours until now, Zhang Ye had written two crosstalk and six skit scripts in total. Furthermore, to everyone in Zhang Ye's Studio, and both Yao Jiancai and Dong Shanshan, they were all good works that would shock anyone who read them. They were all masterpieces that would definitely qualify for the Spring Festival Gala performances. Because of that, they were unable to decide on which one to use as they thought that all of them were way too fucking good!

After ten minutes, another script was completed!

Little Wang yelled, "This one is good!"

Ha Qiqi said anxiously, "Aiya! Actually, the third one is pretty good too!"

Zhang Zuo disagreed with her. "I like the fourth skit's script better!"

Tong Fu exclaimed excitedly, "Director Zhang, use the fifth one please. It's such a classic!"

In the end, Zhang Ye became exhausted from all the writing.

He sighed in lament and said, "In the past when people said that it was very tiring and not easy to write a script for the Spring Festival Gala, I didn't believe them. But now, I finally believe it."

Hearing that, everyone nearly puked blood!

Yao Jiancai called out to him, "Zhang'er."

Zhang Ye turned around. "What?"

Yao Jiancai stared at him. "Can you not show off?"

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "When was I showing off?"

Dong Shanshan rolled her eyes. "If anyone else hears you saying that, they'd probably be driven to their graves by you!"

Zhang Ye did not understand. "What's wrong? I'm really tired after writing eight or nine of these scripts!"

Ha Qiqi was speechless.

Zhang Zuo was speechless.

Little Wang was speechless.

Others couldn't come up with a good script even after working for several months on it. Just one script alone could have several dozen versions that would have taken them several months to write!

But in only a few hours, you've already produced nine scripts like it!

And you call this tiring?

You're saying this isn't easy?

Then wouldn't it be better for the others to just go and die?!

Chapter 1309: Returning to Central TV!

The next day.

At around 9 in the morning.

In the compound of Central TV.

When the car drove up to the entrance, the barrier gate was in the down position. But when gate security saw the car, they shivered and quickly raised it without asking who was in the car or for any identification to be produced. Then they watched the BMW X5 drove off into the distance with a complex expression and a bitter smile on their faces.

It was this car again!

That jinx was back again!

In the car.

Dong Shanshan wondered, "Don't you need a pass to get in?"

Yao Jiancai said, "Zhang'er already made an appointment with the production team."

Dong Shanshan said, "But shouldn't he still have to produce identification even if he has an appointment?"

However, Zhang Ye just laughed and said, "My license plate is the identification."

Dong Shanshan laughed and said, "Don't get too cocky."

In fact, Zhang Ye was not bragging.

At Central TV, no one did not know of Zhang Ye's car!

How long had it been?

Half a year?

A year?

Or perhaps longer?

Looking at the television tower, Zhang Ye gave a small sigh.

Hello, Central TV. I, Hu Hansan, am back again![1.]

After he parked the car, the trio of Zhang Ye, Yao Jiancai, and Dong Shanshan got out and walked upstairs to the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team. Zhang Ye and the others had come here today for a face-to-face meeting with Li Ke, as well as have an initial meeting with the language performances production team to seek a general direction and requirements for their performance. This would help them to make a proper selection of their scripts. As for the first approval session of the Spring Festival Gala, there were still some days to go before that would happen.

The initial meeting.

The first approval session.

The second approval session.

This was the basic flow of the Central TV Spring Festival Gala's selection process.

Of course, there could also be a third approval session sometimes, but that was not always the case.

The office space was quite the mess.

The Spring Festival Gala's production team had only been set up a short while ago. This year's executive director role needed Li Ke to come save the day, while the language performances director was a famous screenwriter. The remaining members of the production team were generally the same old people as before, with most of them being staff members picked from the several departments of Central TV, and mostly chosen from those at Central TV Department 1.

"Old Xu!"

"I'm here!"

"Where's Director Li?"

"The leaders from the organizing committee are here and Director Li is speaking with them."

"There's something urgent that I have to ask regarding my team's work. Can I check if the stage plans have been confirmed yet?"

"The higher-ups are not in agreement. They said that it was too extravagant and did not approve it."

"Aiya, then what do we do?"

"Let's see how Director Li's discussion with them goes."

"It's always the same every year. They want us to make the Spring Festival Gala a good one, yet they don't agree to this or don't approve of that. They aren't willing to let us make our own decisions, so how can we do anything?"

"Enough, don't speak about such things unnecessarily."

Then Zhang Ye and the other two came in.

The entire office fell silent.

One person.

Ten people.

Twenty people.

Everyone turned to look at Zhang Ye.

Yao Jiancai whispered to Dong Shanshan, "See what a domineering presence Little Zhang has?"

Dong Shanshan giggled. "That's not presence, it's notoriety."

Zhang Ye asked graciously, "Is Director Li here?"

A female employee answered, "Director Li is not around."

Zhang Ye asked, "When will he be back?"

Another person from the Spring Festival Gala's production team said, "We're not sure either."

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright, we'll wait for him."

When he turned around, he immediately looked for a place to sit down. He even reached out his hand to beckon for Yao Jiancai and Dong Shanshan to come over to have a seat. He was behaving as though he was at home and didn't feel the slightest bit awkward.

The people on the Spring Festival Gala's production team were a little angry. They were too familiar with this person. He had fought a lawsuit against them, scolded their leaders, created trouble at the television station, and most importantly, led the flaming of last year's Spring Festival Gala. At that time, those on the Spring Festival Gala's production team had been called out so badly that they received a terrible scolding from the public. They were not sure about the attitudes of the other Central TV departments for him, but to the majority of those on the Spring Festival Gala's production team, they despised him, loathed him. As such, now that Zhang Ye was at the office, they couldn't be bothered with him at all and would rather avoid him.

As for giving him attitude?

Well, forget that. They really didn't dare to do so. This guy's spouse was even higher ranking than their Central TV's Station Head on the SARFT's Party Committee!

They couldn't afford to offend him, but that didn't mean they couldn't choose to avoid him!

Hai, why did Director Li have to invite him! He could have invited anyone else, but why did he have to ask this scourge of a person to come?

So an awkward atmosphere descended upon the entire office.

But even if they did not say a word, Zhang Ye turned out to be rather talkative. He sat there and poured himself a cup of tea, calling out to some people at times, and also making small talk with others.

"Eh, aren't you Central TV Department 1's Little He?"

"Mhm."

"How have things been?"

"Ah, pretty good."

"That's great to hear. I see that you've lost some weight. Is it because you've been suffering under Director Jiang's leadership?"

"Director Jiang has been transferred!"

"What? Surely not, right?"

"It's true."

"But Director Jiang is such a 'loyal' person."

"..."

"Why did he get transferred?"

"..."

"Eh, you are Little Liu from Sing!'s program team, aren't you?"

"Uh, that's me."

"The show was done pretty well."

"Uh..."

"What were the viewership ratings at the end of it? I didn't really follow it to the end."

"Not that much."

"That can't be!"

"It really was not much."

"Don't be so modest. Speak proudly!"

"It really was...not much!"

Zhang Ye drank tea and chitchatted with everyone.

Dong Shanshan was "impressed" by him.

Yao Jiancai was also rolling his eyes from nearby.

Quite a few of those who were on the Spring Festival Gala's production team were close to tears. Your sister! Aren't you spiting us on purpose?! Can you not bring up a matter as sensitive as that? After the leadership change, how could you not know that Central TV Department 1's Deputy Director Jiang Yuan had been transferred away? Don't bullshit! Director Jiang had more than enough run-ins with you back then, so how could you not know about something as important as this? And you dare ask what the viewership ratings for Sing! were? As if you didn't know? Didn't it recently get battered by your show, I Am a Singer?!

Heavens!

Please hurry up and make this fellow go away!

They finally understood why Zhang Ye could so easily offend people. This fellow was born with the innate ability to taunt others. He could say anything and it would be enough to anger anyone to death!

Finally, one of the Spring Festival Gala's assistant directors appeared.

Everyone cried out.

"Director Wang!"

"Director Wang, you're here at last!"

"Teacher Zhang is here, so about the initial meeting arrangements..."

Someone had finally come to save them!

They almost couldn't bear Zhang Ye's sarcasm!

But when he heard them, the assistant director stopped in his tracks, stunned. Before he even stepped into the office, he was already turning around to leave. "I forgot, I still have something to attend to. Let's wait for Director Li to come back to handle the

initial meeting."

"Ah?"

"Director Wang?"

The production team's members were all dumbfounded!

Yao Jiancai was speechless.

Dong Shanshan was speechless.

Zhang Ye also felt a little speechless. "What's this about?"

Yao Jiancai laughed and said, "Just how many people have you offended?"

Zhang Ye had probably worked at Central TV for a longer time than he had been at Beijing Television. So how could he know how many people he had offended? There were probably some of them that he couldn't even remember. But what was certain was that in all of Central TV, there weren't too many who would want to have any dealings with Zhang Ye. As such, even though Spring Festival Gala Executive Director Li Ke had invited Zhang Ye to take part in this year's show selection, most of those on the production team were still trying to avoid him at all costs.

Whoever wishes to receive him can do it!

Just don't count on us doing so!

—This attitude of those on the Spring Festival Gala's production team was surprisingly consistent throughout!

Chapter 1310: The Spring Festival Gala's executive director calls it quits!

At Central TV.

Department 2.

"Have you heard?"

"About what?"

"Zhang Ye just arrived at Central TV!"

"Ah? What?"

"I saw him with my own eyes. He's at the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team!"

"The Spring Festival Gala invited him?"

"Heavens! Who could have invited someone like him!"

"How can they allow him on the Spring Festival Gala!"

Department 6.

"Nani?"

"Zhang Ye came back?"

"Damn, what is he doing here!"

"Is he going to wreak havoc at Central TV again?"

"I don't think he is. He's just there to have a 'talk' with them."

"Talk about what?"

"God knows, why don't you go and take a look to find out?"

"Up yours!"

Department 1.

"Let's go, everything's been settled."

"Little Qi, where are you going?"

"Where? I'm heading to the Spring Festival Gala's production team office to get something."

"You can't do that now."

"They said that it was urgent."

"It's better if you go over in the afternoon."

"Why's that?"

"Zhang Ye is sitting in there."

"Damn! You should have told me earlier! I'll go over later!"

The news of Zhang Ye's return instantly spread.

As their biggest enemy in the history of Central TV, the return of Zhang Ye was being talked about across the ranks of the station. They felt that this fellow was haunting them at every opportunity. Since the day he left, no one had expected that Zhang Ye would come back one day. Zhang Ye was the first artist to sue Central TV in history. He was also the first person to have won a court case against Central TV. He led Central TV Department 1 to create a viewership rating legend, but he also brought Central TV's shows to their knees. The love-hate relationship between Zhang Ye and Central TV was convoluted and complex. It was so complicated that it could never be unraveled.

...

On Weibo.

And the news.

This information was also revealed.

"Zhang Ye returns to Central TV?"

"Someone witnessed Zhang Ye's car driving into Central TV!"

"Zhang Ye's honeymoon ends!"

"The executive director of the Spring Festival Gala, Li Ke, invites Zhang Ye to take part?"

"Will Zhang Ye be able to get on the stage of the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Shocking! Zhang Ye to appear on the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Zhang Ye breaking into the S-list!"

"With the leadership changes at Central TV, and a prior relationship with Li Ke, a huge turnaround chance for Zhang Ye to appear on the Spring Festival Gala he has long been missing out on?"

The Lunar New Year was approaching.

Online, news regarding the Spring Festival Gala was also getting increasingly prevalent. Any news about the program lists or the invited performers were being reported on regardless of it being real or fake. And today, the moment the news broke of Zhang Ye appearing at Central TV, the topic of the Spring Festival Gala got pushed even higher!

...

At a crosstalk society.

"What?"

"Zhang Ye went there?"

"Th-This—"

"What is that Li Ke thinking!"

"Don't panic, the first approval session hasn't even begun. Zhang Ye definitely won't be chosen."

"Yeah, the requirements for a Spring Festival Gala performance are really strict. Strictly speaking, none of his works would qualify."

...

At a skit studio.

"Zhang Ye?"

"We're done for."

"It's going to get really competitive this time."

"Yeah, there are only those few spots for the performances. If someone else gets chosen for one, that's one fewer chance for us!"

...

However, the netizens were delighted!

"Really?"

"Does this fellow have the qualifications to appear on the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Well, he does have the qualifications since he's such a big name. Domestically, I doubt there's any other celebrity on the level of Zhang Ye who hasn't been on the Spring Festival Gala before!"

"Right, this is not a matter of qualifications. The issue here is that he has offended too many people, especially after being locked in a fierce struggle with Central TV. No matter how you think about it, it's impossible that he could appear on the Spring Festival Gala. But all of that has now changed with Central TV's leader replaced, and the deputy directors and related staff of Central TV Department 1 getting transferred out, possibly due to those incidents that showed that they were indeed in dereliction of duty. Coupled with the fact that Zhang Ye and Li Ke know each other, the last hindrance preventing Zhang Ye from appearing on the Spring Festival Gala has been removed. As for the industry-wide ban? Hur hur, let's ask Zhang Ye's wife first if she is agreeable to that!"

"I'm so looking forward to it!"

"Me too, I'm looking forward to seeing Zhang Ye's new work!"

"Will it be a crosstalk?"

"A skit might be possible too!"

"Ahhh, I'll have to catch the Spring Festival Gala this year!"

"Bringing Zhang Ye onto the Spring Festival Gala is indeed quite good publicity for it. This is a big move that the Spring Festival Gala is resorting to just to bring in viewership. But I don't suppose that even with Zhang Ye's show, they'll be able to save the Spring Festival Gala. The gala is getting worse and worse in recent years. It's an accumulated weakness that has caused everyone to lose confidence in it."

"Yeah, I can't help but complain about that too."

"The Spring Festival Gala is dead!"

"I stopped watching it a long time ago."

"We can't put it that way. The issues regarding the Spring Festival Gala are slightly more complicated. It's not an ordinary gala but one that carries political leanings. Together with the increasing standards and nitpicking that the audience has for it, it's unavoidable that it would disappoint. Everyone should understand that. I still have hopes for it this year since a big name director like Li Ke has taken on the responsibility of heading it. So perhaps that might bring about some changes to the Spring Festival Gala."

"I hope so."

"We're depending on Director Li this year."

"He's a big director in the film industry, so hopefully he can handle an event like a gala."

"I doubt it. Actually, Li Ke is already on the brink, and he's only here to right the ship. The waters of the Spring Festival Gala run too deep, so no one is willing to take it on."

...

At Central TV.

In the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team.

Zhang Ye kept making small talk with those people.

Outside, Yu Yingyi came in with a smile on her face. "Zhang'er, Shanshan."

Zhang Ye turned his head. "Hey, what are you doing here?"

"I learned that you three had come, so I came over to have a look." Yu Yingyi was a host at Central TV Sports Channel, so it was just a stone's throw away for her.

Dong Shanshan smiled and said, "How did you know that we were here?"

Yu Yingyi rolled her eyes and said, "Do you need to ask? The moment Zhang Ye arrived, the news already started spreading all over the station. Even if I don't wish to know about it, I can't." Then she looked at Zhang Ye and asked, "Have they really invited you?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "Yeah."

Yu Yingyi gave him a thumbs up. "Nice!"

Zhang Ye smiled. "It was mainly due to Director Li's influence."

Yu Yingyi said in a low voice, "Right, if it were any other executive director, they might not dare to invite you at all. But since Director Li has a pretty good relationship with you and you've both worked together before, he was willing to take the risk."

Zhang Ye said, "Haha, I'll have to treat Old Li to a meal after this!"

As they were chatting, Li Ke came back to the office!

The Spring Festival Gala's production team saw him and finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Zhang Ye and the others also saw Li Ke coming in and stood up with a smile.

What happened next dumbfounded everyone!

When Li Ke pushed open the glass door, he looked infuriated as he yelled, "Old Qi, Old Qu, pack up. It's time to leave!" He was calling out to the staff from his own team.

His team was startled.

"Old Li, what's wrong?"

"Director Li, what happened?"

"We're leaving? To where?"

Li Ke said loudly, "To where? We're going home! This job is impossible! How can it even be done? Can someone make them tell me how I should do it?! They can't accept this, and they won't approve that, yet they're asking me to innovate and turn the decline around for the Spring Festival Gala. How am I supposed to innovate? How can I turn things around? All of the requests and suggestions that I gave did not even make it past approval! Why don't you all show me the way, show me how I should do it? Am I supposed to achieve it through magic? I'm not going to put up with any of this. They can find someone else to do it!"

Clearly, Li Ke must have been angered during the discussion with the organizing committee!

The production team staff were all shocked beyond belief!

Damn!

Director Li is quitting?

Yao Jiancai was dumbfounded!

Dong Shanshan and Yu Yingyi exchanged glances!

Zhang Ye very nearly fell over and hit his head!

You're quitting?

Damn!

If you quit, how am I going to appear on the Spring Festival Gala!

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Old Li, calm down, calm down."

Li Ke finally saw someone with a familiar face. He immediately said, "Boss Zhang, you don't understand. I can't communicate with them at all! They're making things too difficult for people! And it's not just this issue. There's still the program list and invited performers. Most of it cannot be decided by me. A lot of the shows were set in stone a long time ago, but when I saw what they were, I had to roll my eyes. If those shows made it onto the Spring Festival Gala, it would be a wonder for the gala to do well!"

Zhang Ye tried to calm him down. "It's not easy; we know it's not easy."

Li Ke said, "Boss Zhang, you're a director yourself, so you should understand what I mean. Oh, if they're going to decide on the shows and the format of the gala, why would they still need me as a director? I'm not important at all. At most, after the gala is broadcast, I'll bear the brunt of the negative comments!"

Zhang Ye said, "You can't say that, Old Li. The entire country's citizens are counting on you, so you've got to stand firm. Please endure it for everyone's sakes."

Li Ke waved him off. "I can't suffer through this. My temper is usually quite good, but if it were you talking to them just now? You'd surely have come to blows with them! I don't want to endure this either. I've already told the leaders from the organizing committee that I'm not going to stay on as the executive director. I'll just go back to wherever I came from!"

Zhang Ye said in panic, "Don't!"

Li Ke packed up and left with his team in all haste!

Zhang Ye shouted after him.

"Old Li!"

"Old Li!"

"Aiyo, what are you doing!"

"Impulsiveness is the devil itself, Old Li!"

Everyone on the Spring Festival Gala's production team could only stare with wide eyes in shock!

Yao Jiancai threw up his hands. "Well, looks like we're done for!"

Dong Shanshan laughed and said, "We've been blinded this time."

Zhang Ye facepalmed and speechlessly turned to the Heavens for an answer!

This was a chance they had in the palm of their hands!

And it was almost time for the first approval session!

But it's over!

It slipped away!

Chapter 1311: Who will the Spring Festival Gala's executive director role fall to?

The news blew up!

On that same afternoon, the news started spreading!

"The Spring Festival Gala's executive director quits?"

"Director Li clashes with the leaders!"

"Li Ke calls it quits!"

"Central TV has confirmed the news!"

"A gloom cast over the Spring Festival Gala. No one to take the job?"

"The public calls for the Spring Festival Gala to be canceled!"

"Where will the Spring Festival Gala go from here?"

Central TV issued a statement very quickly.

Immediately after, Li Ke also issued a statement. He simply explained his reasons for withdrawing from the Spring Festival Gala's production team, albeit being relatively tactful about it. But reading between the lines, it could be felt that Li Ke was rather emotional about it.

At this point in time the previous years, Central TV's Spring Festival Gala would already have assigned a director for the job. In fact, the first approval session would even have almost been completed. However, this year, the appointment of the executive director was still not confirmed, much less the first approval session. They had finally convinced Li Ke to take the role after dragging on the matter for a long time, but it still ended up with him quitting. Did they have to do everything all over again?

To restart the process of selecting a director?

To redo their plan anew?

To invite the performers from the beginning again?

They hadn't even gotten the stage setup ready yet!

Would there still be enough time to get everything together?

As such, when this news was revealed, it caused quite a stir in the country. The public's view of this matter was more pessimistic. They already did not have much hope for this year's Spring Festival Gala, but this news put even more doubt into their minds.

On Weibo.

"Even Director Li has quit?"

"He never wanted to take this 'hot potato' of a job in the first place!"

"Yeah, Director Li is already doing very well on his films. He should just stick to that and not get his hands dirty by taking the Spring Festival Gala job. That's only finding trouble for himself."

"Well now, they don't even have an executive director to handle things anymore!"

"Who else can they get?"

"I don't know, they've probably approached everyone that they could already."

"Yeah, they're really shuffling through a lot of people for the Spring Festival Gala's executive director role in recent years. They've already used almost every first-rate director in the country, even getting those famous directors from the film industry and those who are based overseas. Just from the Central TV system alone, there's already Old Hai, Old Qu, and Old Li. Who hasn't been considered for the role before? But as it stands? They're all getting worse and worse with each passing year. The same goes for the viewership ratings and the reputation of the gala, both of which are declining as well. There are almost no examples of an executive director getting reelected for the role in

the following year. Everyone who takes the job would only end up taking the rap for the poor showing, and then that repeats for the next person in line after that."

"They're probably not going to be ready in time this year, right?"

"I think so too. There might not even be a broadcast of the gala anymore."

"That's not going to happen. The Spring Festival Gala will surely take place."

"But there's no one left to choose from anymore. The big directors have all been used already."

"But there are still many smaller directors around."

"There may be a lot of them, and they are surely eyeing the directing of the Spring Festival Gala as well, but the higher-ups would have to be willing to settle for them first. This is not a job that anyone can do. If you want to direct the Spring Festival Gala, you have to have some achievements first, don't you? You have to show some capabilities and results first, right? Otherwise, who would be convinced by you? Actually, a lot of people might be criticizing and flaming the Spring Festival Gala harshly each year, even threatening not to watch it anymore. The organizers are also often ridiculed year after year too. I remember that such things have been going on for the past four to five years already, hasn't it? But in the end? When we come to the night of Lunar New Year's Eve, aren't we all still always sitting in front of our televisions and waiting there eagerly? Hai, everyone still has feelings for the Spring Festival Gala, after all. That's why we're so pissed about it. We all have our expectations and just hope that it will be well produced."

"Yeah, my childhood memories are all of the Spring Festival Gala."

"Yup, those were the days. I really miss them."

"Let's see who they get this time to save the day."

"In any case, I can't think of a suitable candidate."

On Weibo.

In the discussion forums.

On the social networks.

On the streets.

In the companies.

The people were heatedly discussing it!

Then the media joined in!

The people's attention of the Spring Festival Gala reached a peak. All the citizens were paying attention to the developments of the matter and were waiting for the latest news updates to come from the top!

...

There was also chaos within the arts circle!

At Zhang Ye's Studio.

Ha Qiqi, Zhang Zuo, and the others were all frowning.

Little Wang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Director Li is really not going to continue working? Then what should we do?"

Zhang Ye said, "Who knows what we can do?"

Tong Fu said, "We don't care who becomes the director. All we want is for them to let us get on the Spring Festival Gala."

Ha Qiqi said helplessly, "The problem is that other than Director Li Ke, none of the other big directors in the country are on good terms with Director Zhang, right? Even if they do give face to our Director Zhang, they wouldn't possibly stand their ground to invite Director Zhang against Central TV's wishes, would they?"

Zhang Zuo said angrily, "Just tell me, what is this? The show was

all prepared and the script was nearly approved too. With Director Li leaving at this time, everything will have to restart from scratch. The invite list to the performers that Director Li drew up definitely won't count anymore. To think that we were still banking on the Spring Festival Gala to push us to the S-list!"

Then, Zhang Ye's cell phone rang.

It was from the famous skit actress, Ci Xiufang.

"Auntie Ci."

"Boss Zhang, I heard that you were there when it happened? What went on in there!"

"I'm not too sure either. Old Li seemed like he got into a fight with the higher-ups and then suddenly said that he was quitting. I couldn't persuade him since he wasn't willing to listen at all."

"Hai, then what will happen to our show?"

"You were invited as well?"

"Yes, that's why I am so anxious about this. So do we continue preparing for it or not?"

"Who knows!"

Afterwards, Zhang Xia also called.

Zhang Xia was also one of the invited performers for this year's Spring Festival Gala.

"Zhang'er, has Central TV contacted you yet about the show matters?"

"Not yet, how about you?"

"They didn't contact me after that either. I've already asked, but they've been plunged into chaos over there."

"Hai, all the plans have been messed up!"

"Yes, this came too suddenly. There were no signs of it happening at all. We can only wait for the new director to be appointed before

the new program list gets drawn up again."

"I guess we can only wait then. There's no other way about it."

...

At the organizing committee for the Spring Festival Gala.

In the large conference room, several dozen people were in a terrible fix.

There were people from Central TV in here, as well as comrades from the Ministry of Culture and leaders from the SARFT. Every one of them was worrying over the Spring Festival Gala's executive director role!

"Old Li went too far!"

"Yeah, how can he just quit like that!"

"There's no point arguing about it anymore. What candidates do we have? Please make a few recommendations!"

"Chief Chen, what do you think of Director Wang Qi?"

"Wang Qi is not good enough."

"Yes, he doesn't have enough experience."

"What about Li Chaoran?"

"Little Li is a masterful director in the world of theater, but that's too different from the stage of the Spring Festival Gala. It's too big of a jump, so appointing Little Li to head the Spring Festival Gala would make it into a laughing matter for sure."

"Then there really isn't anyone else!"

"Yeah, there are only so many best directors we have in the country. They can all be counted on two hands. Even if we were to lower the requirements, there shouldn't be more than 20 people we can consider. A majority of these people have already taken the Spring Festival Gala job before, but their results weren't exactly good either. What's more, perhaps due to there being too much

criticism afterwards which affected their reputations, many of these top directors are no longer willing to take on such a 'hot potato' role. All of them are hiding as far away from it as possible."

"Is there really no one else?"

"In the camp of top directors, there really isn't anyone else."

"That might not be true."

"Oh? Old Han, who else is there?"

"That person...forget it. Take it that I didn't mention anything."

"What's with the suspense? Hurry up and say it."

"That person's status is a little bit special."

"Special? Is he a top director?"

"He is a top director. In fact, he's definitely one of the best in the country. He's also quite different from Li Ke. Although Li Ke is a top director in the film industry, he cannot be considered the best. At most, he is one of the top three directors in film. But that person is definitely the top in his industry, without anyone coming close."

"He's number one?"

"Yes."

"Is there a big difference in his role in the industry from the gala's director role?"

"Not much. In fact, it might even be a smaller jump than a film director's role."

"So who is it? Don't keep us in suspense, Old Han!"

"But that person...well, his temper isn't really that good."

A silence fell upon the large conference room!

Everyone gasped!

"You're talking about him?"

"It's him?"

Everyone was looking at each other, clearly having guessed who Old Han was referring to!

Chapter 1312: Zhang Ye takes charge of the Spring Festival Gala!

The next day.

At the studio.

It was 9 in the morning when Yao Jiancai arrived wearing a down jacket.

"Teacher Yao, you're here?"

"Where's Director Zhang?"

"He's upstairs on the balcony basking in the sun."

"Heh, what sun can there be in the middle of winter?"

"The work progress for the Spring Festival Gala has been shelved, so there's nothing for Director Zhang to do at the moment."

"I'll go look for him."

Out on the balcony.

Zhang Ye really was basking in the sun in a chair.

Yao Jiancai said in a speechless manner, "Kid, aren't you cold?"

"Old Yao, you're here?" Zhang Ye crossed his legs and put on the demeanor of an artistic youth. "Of course I'm cold, but it can't be colder than what I'm feeling in my heart. In this cold wind, I can feel the loneliness of the world."

Yao Jiancai rolled his eyes. "Why are you quoting some essay?"

"Then what should I do?" Zhang Ye said idly.

Yao Jiancai asked, "You didn't arrange any events?"

Zhang Ye shrugged. "For the Spring Festival Gala, I'd turned down all of my other work. There's nothing for me to do in the coming two months, so I can only lay here and bask in the sun."

Ding dong.

Ding dong.

The doorbell rang from downstairs.

Yao Jiancai asked, "Is that Shanshan?"

Zhang Ye shook his head. "I don't know."

Then Ha Qiqi shouted from downstairs, "Director Zhang, we have guests."

"Who is it?" Zhang Ye shouted downstairs.

Ha Qiqi said, "It's an executive from Central TV."

Central TV?

And it was even an executive?

Zhang Ye and Old Yao were stunned to hear that.

When they went downstairs, Zhang Ye saw who had come. It turned out to be a deputy station head of Central TV. He went by the name of Hong, and Zhang Ye also knew him too. However, they'd never crossed paths back at Central TV. This Deputy Station Head Hong should be the only executive at Central TV who hadn't had a falling-out or quarrel with Zhang Ye. Deputy Station Head Hong brought quite a few people along with him. There were men and women, totaling around eight people.

What was with this group?

What were they here for?

Zhang Ye wondered.

Ha Qiqi, Zhang Zuo, and the others were also confused.

Zhang Ye smiled and stretched out his hand. "Station Head Hong, what brings your important self here?"

"Boss Zhang, you're too polite." Deputy Station Head Hong shook hands with him. "I hope I'm not bothering you?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "No, I'm not doing anything at the moment. What brings you here, Station Head Hong?"

Deputy Station Head Hong said, "I'm here today regarding the Spring Festival Gala."

Zhang Ye was taken aback. "The Spring Festival Gala?"

"Yes." Deputy Station Head Hong looked around the office. "Can we talk somewhere?"

Zhang Ye called out to his assistant, "Little Wang, get the conference room ready."

Little Wang answered, "Got it!"

The two groups of people proceeded to the conference room and sat down across from each other.

Before the guests could speak, Zhang Ye started rambling, "Station Head Hong, I would also like to talk about the Spring Festival Gala with you all. Just what is going on? Are we still supposed to continue rehearsing our act? Will the first approval session still be held? Everyone is really confused. For a good person like Old Li, you all should have just allowed him to work. But look at this, he got driven away in anger by you all. It's not that I'm trying to put the blame on you, Station Head Hong, but this matter was really not handled well."

Deputy Station Head Hong said, "Hai, we also have our hands tied regarding this matter. Boss Zhang, the truth is that the decision-making process for the Spring Festival Gala is no longer under Central TV's jurisdiction, but we still have to abide by the guidelines issued from above. We'd gone through the few proposals that Old Li wrote up, and I agree with him on one or two of them too. Central TV is actually very supportive of him, and we would also like to make those changes and innovate. But as long as the higher-ups don't agree to it, we won't be able to implement them. The Spring Festival Gala is not just a simple gala. There are

too many levels of decisions involved that aren't easily explainable with a few words."

Zhang Ye threw his hands up. "Then what about our act?"

Deputy Station Head Hong said, "As long as the executive director is not appointed, the issue of the acts will be left hanging."

Zhang Ye didn't care about anything else. All he wanted to know was whether his act would be chosen for the Spring Festival Gala or not. "Then why don't you all quickly appoint someone for the role? There isn't much time left."

"That's right."

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, that's right."

"Yup."

What are you yupping about?

I'm getting anxious over here!

Zhang Ye looked at him bewilderedly.

Only to see Deputy Station Head Hong pondering for a long time. Then he said in seriousness, "This is why I brought my team here today. Boss Zhang, after getting a recommendation from the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee, and going through a selection and voting process, we received an approval from the higher management's leaders. On behalf of the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee, I officially invite you to take charge of this year's Central TV Spring Festival Gala!"

His words were too shocking!

Yao Jiancai was stunned!

Ha Qiqi was stunned!

Zhang Zuo was stunned!

The staff of Zhang Ye's Studio were dumbfounded!

What?

Get Zhang Ye to take charge of the Spring Festival Gala?

What the fuck, are you all crazy?

Dead silence fell upon the entire conference room!

Deputy Station Head Hong called out, "Boss Zhang?"

Zhang Ye pointed at himself with wide eyes. "Me?"

Deputy Station Head Hong nodded. "Yes."

"You guys are inviting me?" Zhang Ye immediately said, "Can you not tease me?"

One of the chiefs who had come along said with a bitter laugh, "Boss Zhang, we're not joking. The higher-ups have already given the nod, and the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee has also held a meeting to discuss this. You're the most suitable candidate, so as long as you accept the job, you'll become this year's Spring Festival Gala's executive director!"

Zhang Ye said dumbfoundedly, "But I've never taken charge of a gala before!"

A female executive adjusted her glasses and said, "You might not have experience in directing a large-scale gala, but that won't stop an excellent variety show director like you. No, calling you excellent does not describe it well enough. You're now the best director in the country when it comes to variety shows, a director who can be considered one of the very best across the fields in the industry. Since we could invite Director Li Ke to take the role, why can't we extend our invitation to you? You're both top directors in your respective fields. And if we consider the difference in jumps between the fields, be it your I Am a Singer or The Voice, those competitions and show formats are all closer to a gala's style than directing a film."

Zhang Ye waved his hands, then covered his face and rubbed it. "Let me get over this. I'm still quite shocked."

Deputy Station Head Hong said, "Boss Zhang, do accept the invitation. It's very chaotic, and the media is speculating as well. Everyone is in a panic regarding the executive director's role being empty, and that's delaying all the work related to the gala." With a pause, he said, "I also know that the executive director role for the Spring Festival Gala is not an easy job since there are so many rules to adhere to and there's a limit to how much you can control for the event. But I feel that this would be a good test of your directing skills, and I'm sure that there would be no problem if we have you leading the production team."

No problem, my ass!

You're putting it so simply!

Who do you think you're fooling!

Zhang Ye said, "I like the Spring Festival Gala very much too. I've watched it since I was young and have a lot of feelings for it, but how can I possibly handle this job? This is not a situation that can easily be saved! Just look at Old Li. Even before he could start directing the Spring Festival Gala, he had already been so harshly scolded! Look at how badly he has been criticized! If I were to accept the role, if I finish directing the Spring Festival Gala, then wouldn't I get scolded like a dog?! What will happen to my reputation then? My honor is at stake here!"

Deputy Station Head Hong: "..."

The accompanying staff: "..."

They were all speechless at this!

Reputation?

Since when did you have any reputation!

Getting scolded?

You're speaking you don't be scolded just because you're not directing the Spring Festival Gala!

But of course, they couldn't say that out loud.

Deputy Station Head Hong said, "Boss Zhang, don't joke with us. You're so battle hardened. Surely you don't care about a little criticism, right? If you say that Old Li is hopping mad after getting scolded by people, I'll believe that. If you say that the other Spring Festival Gala directors can't bear to be criticized by people, I'll believe that too. But you, Boss Zhang? I really don't believe it. You've been through so many more storms than everyone else. How could that gossip and chatter possibly bother you? Surely it doesn't!"

Zhang Ye's temper rose!

Your sister!

You're putting it as though I'm really that thick-skinned!

This bro has got pride too, alright!

Zhang Ye said, "I have to consider it first."

Deputy Station Head Hong said, "Sure, of course you have to."

Zhang Ye looked at them. "Then why don't you all lea—"

"That's not necessary, Boss Zhang." Deputy Station Head Hong said, "We'll wait right here. Just let us know after you've decided. It'll be easier for us when we go back to answer to the management."

Zhang Ye was taken aback. "No, I was saying that you all should leave first."

Deputy Station Head Hong said, "This is an urgent matter that has to be decided immediately. Even if we go back, there's nothing for us to do. Just take your time to consider it while we wait for your news."

Zhang Ye could only say, "Little Zhou, entertain the guests for a bit."

Little Zhou stayed behind to attend to them.

Zhang Ye and the others went outside and headed upstairs to discuss it.

"What do you all think?" Zhang Ye immediately asked them when they were upstairs.

He had thought that his group would object to it, but who knew that it was actually the opposite!

Little Wang shouted, "Accept it!"

Tong Fu said excitedly, "Of course you should take the job!"

Zhang Zuo was panting excitedly. "Director Zhang, this is a great chance. If you can direct the Spring Festival Gala well, that would immortalize your reputation forever!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, "Immortalize my reputation? I'm just afraid it would condemn me to eternity!"

Yao Jiancai said, "But you're already condemned anyway. Even if you don't direct the Spring Festival Gala, you're still getting scolded by so many people every day, isn't that so? So how bad can it be? Other people are afraid of ruining their statuses and wasting their accumulated reputation, but you have nothing to be afraid of! You've none of that!"

Zhang Ye said angrily, "Fuck you!"

Ha Qiqi could barely hide her excitement. "Director Zhang, take the job!"

"Yeah!"

"Let's do it!"

"Who's afraid of who!"

"Such an opportunity only comes once in a lifetime!"

"There are so many people who wish to direct the Spring Festival Gala but don't have a chance to do so!"

"Right, let's accept it first and see how it goes!"

This was a huge affair!

This was much bigger than anything Zhang Ye had ever done before!

This was the Central TV Spring Festival Gala and the role of the executive director that they were talking about. The higher-ups would be watching, the media would be watching, the citizens would be watching, and all of the Chinese people around the world would have their attention turned here. If it was directed well, that wouldn't be so bad. But if there were any slip-ups, wouldn't Zhang Ye become a cultural sinner? Honestly, Zhang Ye only wanted to perform in a skit or do a crosstalk on the gala. He had never thought about anything else. As a result, he was totally unprepared for this. The invitation has come too suddenly! Even though he has always been a very decisive person in the past, he was now hesitating!

Should he take it?

Should he really accept the job?

The studio's staff were staring at him, waiting for him to make his decision.

Zhang Ye clenched his teeth. "Then let's leave it to science to decide!"

Science?

What science?

Everyone was taken aback.

Then Zhang Ye took a coin out of his pocket and piously flipped it up into the air. "Believe in science. If it lands heads, I'll take the job. If it's tails, I'll reject it."

Clink, clink, clink!

Under the speechless gaze of everyone, the coin landed!

It was heads!

"Wow!"

"It's heads!"

"Take it!"

"Take the job, Director Zhang!"

Zhang Ye hesitated. "Why don't I flip it again?"

Everyone went silent.

Zhang Ye heaved a deep sigh. "Alright then, it's only the role of the Spring Festival Gala's executive director, isn't it? It's just a role that requires me taking the rap, right? I've already taken the rap for plaza dancing anyway, so it's not like I can't take another! I'll accept it!"

Chapter 1313: How did this fellow get appointed!

In the evening.

At Zhang Ye's parents' house.

When Zhang Ye came home from work with a heavy heart, dinner was already prepared.

His parents were sitting on the sofa and watching television. On it, there was a discussion going on about the Spring Festival Gala. This topic had already been in the news for several days, and his parents were no exception in paying attention to it every day. Zhang Ye's family was a typical traditional Chinese family. They would have dumplings every holiday when it called for dumplings, and eat sweet glutinous rice balls during the Mid-Autumn Festival, never missing out on celebrating the traditional holidays. It was the same for Chinese New Year's Eve too. They would have dinner together while watching the Spring Festival Gala, and this was always what they did as a family since Zhang Ye was born. As such, the words "Spring Festival Gala" were as important as anything could be to many families, as well as in the hearts of the elderly.

"Son, you're home?"

"Has Old Wu knocked off yet?"

"She's not back yet."

"I'll give her a call to check then."

"No, don't call her. Zeqing is busy with her work. She'll come back when she's done."

Zhang Ye picked up a cup to drink some water, but something else was going through his mind.

The television was showing the news and there was a reporter conducting a street interview at the moment.

Reporter: "May I ask if you'll be watching the Spring Festival Gala this year?"

Passerby: "I will. It's a custom in my family to watch the Spring Festival Gala on Lunar New Year's Eve. But right now, I'm quite worried about it. Didn't they say on the news that the executive director role hasn't been filled yet? Every year in the past, the stage would have almost been completed by this time of the year. That's why I'm worried that they won't be able to meet the deadline this time."

"Do you have any hopes and suggestions for the Spring Festival Gala?"

"I just hope that the acts can be more exciting and not always similar to what we've had in the past. At least, they should come up with something that will make our eyes light up? But of course, this is what the executive director has to take into consideration. It wouldn't help even if I gave all the suggestions I have. I just hope that they can find a good director to do the job this year. Otherwise, if they keep doing the same things over and over, and the viewership ratings keep dropping lower and lower, I'm afraid that there will be a day when my family will finally stop watching the Spring Festival Gala."

Zhang Ye was starting to feel very pressured. "Mom, change the channel."

"Why? I'm watching it." His mother said, "Who do you think will be the executive director for this year's Spring Festival Gala? Why isn't there any news about that yet? Aren't they anxious about it?"

His father commented, "This won't be an easy role to assign."

His mother said, "Yeah, there aren't too many top directors in the country who are capable of directing a gala."

His father said, "Let's wait for Zeqing to come home so that we can ask her. She should have some news about it."

His mother nodded. "That's right, she's from the overseeing authority, so she'll definitely know. Our son's act is still waiting to be approved for the Spring Festival Gala, but that's now up in the air."

Hearing that, Zhang Ye said feebly, "There's no need to ask her."

"What's the matter?" His mother glanced at him. "You know something about it?"

Zhang Ye took another sip of water and placed down the cup before saying, "Regarding the executive director role for this year's Central TV Spring Festival Gala, the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee approached me during the day. I accepted their offer."

A silence fell over in the house.

His mother said, stunned, "What did you say?"

Zhang Ye shrugged. "I'm the executive director for this year's Spring Festival Gala."

His father was extremely shocked. "Don't joke!"

"Why would I joke about that? I've already signed the agreement," Zhang Ye said.

The doorbell rang.

"Old Wu is back; I'll get the door." Zhang Ye quickly went to open the door. It was indeed Wu Zeqing. "You're finally off work? It's so late."

Wu Zeqing smiled. "I was caught in a bit of a traffic jam."

Zhang Ye said, "Let's start dinner."

Wu Zeqing changed out of her shoes and stepped into the living room. "Dad, Mom. Eh? What's the matter?"

Both of them looked rather shocked.

His mother immediately said, "Zeqing, Little Ye says that he's

going to be the Spring Festival Gala's executive director!"

Wu Zeqing looked at him. "Hmm? You've accepted the job?"

"I've accepted it." Zhang Ye couldn't compose himself in this moment. He was unsure if his decision was the correct one. "Why? You didn't know?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "I heard that you were one of the shortlisted candidates, but since I'm not directly overseeing matters regarding the Spring Festival Gala, I didn't ask."

His father stood up and said loudly, "Son! Are you really going to be the Spring Festival Gala's executive director?"

Zhang Ye threw his hands up. "It's not that I'm going to be, I already am."

His mother exclaimed, "This is marvelous! It's great! This is the Spring Festival Gala we're talking about! The Spring Festival Gala! And my son is going to take charge of it?"

Zhang Ye said bitterly, "What's so great about that? I'm worried that I'll mess it up for them."

His mother said without a care, "If it gets messed up, so be it. Worst comes to worst, you'll get a scolding. What else can they do to you?"

"Whoa, you're speaking like that because you won't be the one getting scolded." Zhang Ye didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He said, "In any case, I've already made plans for the worst case scenario. Dad, Mom, Old Wu, let's eat dinner quickly. I think this will be the last day that I'll be able to eat in peace for a while."

That same night.

The matters surrounding the Spring Festival Gala that had captured the entire country's attention finally got some new developments. Compared to the common folk, the people in the arts world and entertainment industry were the first ones to catch

wind of it.

...

At Ci Xiufang's Skit Studio.

A middle-aged man answered a call and was stunned after taking it!

"Ah!"

"Old Hu, what's the matter?"

"Uncle Hu, what happened?"

"Where's Big Sis Ci?"

"Big Sis Ci is studying the script."

"Quickly inform her about this! The executive director for the Spring Festival Gala has been hired!"

"Who is it?"

"Zhang Ye!"

...

At a song and dance troupe 1 .

Some singers were having a meal together and discussing the Spring Festival Gala. They were also unsure of how many of them who were seated at this very table would have a chance of taking to the stage and singing.

Then someone came in from outside.

"Aiyo, why are you all still here eating?"

"What is it, Teacher Chu?"

"Didn't you all hear?"

"Hear about what?"

"The executive director has been hired!"

"What? Who is it?"

"Zhang Ye!"

"What!"

...

At a folk art troupe.

Tang Dazhang and several crosstalk actors were currently going through their scripts.

"This is bad! Something terrible has happened!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've just received news about the executive director for this year's Spring Festival Gala. They—they—"

"What about them?"

"They—"

"Say it already!"

"They've invited Zhang Ye to take the role!"

"Holy shit!"

"What?"

"Impossible! That's impossible!"

"It's true! The news has already spread!"

"This...this..."

"It's over! We're doomed!"

Tang Dazhang and those crosstalk actors blanched!

...

At Grandma Zhang Xia's house.

Chen Guang and Fan Wenli were visiting today.

"Hai, I wonder what's going to happen to the acts."

"We can only wait. There should be a conclusion soon."

"With a change of directors, will our song act still get chosen for the gala?"

"We'll have to see who the director is first."

At this moment, Zhang Xia's phone rang. When she answered it, she got a surprise. "Alright, I understand. Thank you." After hanging up, she looked dumbfounded.

Chen Guang asked, "What's the matter, Grandma Zhang?"

Zhang Xia looked at them and said, "The Spring Festival Gala's executive director has been confirmed."

Fan Wenli said in surprise, "Who is it?"

Zhang Xia paused for a moment before saying, "Zhang Ye."

Fan Wenli snorted in surprise when she heard!

Chen Guang said dumbfoundedly, "What?"

...

Abroad.

In the hotel the film crew was residing in, Zhang Yuanqi was currently soaking in the bathtub.

Her manager, Fang Weihong, faced her and said, "Sister Zhang."

"What is it?"

"Are you preparing to take part in the Spring Festival Gala this year?"

"I'll start preparing after we get back to the country, but hasn't the executive director not been decided on yet?"

"It's been decided."

"Oh? Who is it?"

"Haha, you definitely won't be able to guess."

"Who?"

"Zhang Ye."

...

The industry was rocked to its core!

This news was simply too shocking!

Nine out of ten industry insiders were left dumbfounded after hearing the news!

Zhang Ye?

Zhang Ye?

How could it be him!

Why did this fellow get appointed!

Chapter 1314: The most powerful person in the entertainment circle!

...

At Jiang Hanwei's studio.

"Why is it him!"

"Yeah, they could have gotten anyone else to do it!"

"Then do we still have to make preparations for our act?"

"What do you think!"

"What's there left to prepare for!"

...

At his old classmate's house.

Yu Yingyi's jaw dropped!

"Holy shit!"

"Zhang'er is going to be the executive director?"

"That's so awesome! He's going to soar to the skies again!"

...

At Central TV.

"Ah!"

"Heavens!"

"Zhang Ye?"

"Someone tell me this isn't true!"

"Why did they get him!"

"No, please, no!"

...

What was the Spring Festival Gala?

How important was the executive director of the Spring Festival Gala?

Just what kind of an important role was this?

This didn't need any explaining at all. This was the leader of the Spring Festival Gala's production team who would be in charge of the stage production, personnel arrangements, screening of acts, production of the event, as well as making approvals. All of those matters would have to go through the executive director! Even if any of the upper management raised an objection, they wouldn't be able to directly intervene on specific matters of the event, nor bypass him to make any decisions. They would have to communicate and discuss this thoroughly with the executive director!

This was a role that the entire world's Chinese population was most concerned about right now!

Yet they had appointed Zhang Ye to the role?

Many of those in the industry who had offended Zhang Ye were unable to accept this!

Especially to those from the crosstalk world and entertainment industry, this was simply a disaster. The images of the recent call for an industry-wide boycott on Zhang Ye were extremely vivid, so if Zhang Ye were to become the Spring Festival Gala's executive director, would their group of people still be able to get onto the Spring Festival Gala?

As if that would still be possible!

They would surely be destroyed instead!

The crosstalk world was plunged into chaos.

Quite a few crosstalk actors quickly held emergency meetings.

"What should we do?"

"How are we going to handle this?"

"What else can we do? Just carry on doing whatever we've been doing."

"We've already been preparing for half a year!"

"There's nothing confirmed yet, and if there are enough people objecting to it, the higher-ups might even change their mind!"

"Right, we'll have to leave it to the media from here!"

"Let's see how the media will criticize him!"

However, whatever they had in mind did not happen at all!

The news arrived first to the industry.

Then the news started reporting about it.

"Watch out, Spring Festival Gala. Zhang Ye is coming!"

"The Spring Festival Gala's executive director role falls to Zhang Ye!"

"The Spring Festival Gala will be helmed by the best director of television variety shows!"

"Zhang Ye in danger! Will he be able to turn the tide?"

"Zhang Ye's debut on the Spring Festival Gala turns out this way!"

"Zhang Ye to bring a new look to the Spring Festival Gala!"

"Zhang Ye's Spring Festival Gala leaves us in anticipation!"

On this night, there was a surprising consistency not only among the smaller tabloids and social media news blogs, but also the attitude through mainstream media. There were no criticism or doubting voices, with the mainstream media almost giving their full support to Zhang Ye. Some of the media even listed Zhang Ye's achievements all the way back from Lecture Room to the present. They were all reaffirming Zhang Ye abilities in directing as though they had discussed it beforehand and were greatly anticipating his directing of the Spring Festival Gala!

The people from the crosstalk world were dumbfounded!

Tang Dazhang and several older crosstalk actors nearly vomited blood!

"Anticipating? Your sister!"

"What's with the media!"

"Why are they giving him so much support?"

"Zhang Ye is just a variety show director. How can he be experienced enough to direct a gala!"

"Aren't these media outlets lying through their teeth!"

"Yeah, didn't the media always gang up against Zhang Ye whenever there was any news related to him? Didn't they always question and criticize him at the earliest available moment?"

"That was all in the past. Have you all forgotten who his wife is? Ever since the merger of the SARFT and GAPP 1, the newspaper media has also come under the jurisdiction of the SARFT. Do you think the media are crazy enough to do that in these circumstances? Knowing that Zhang Ye is the husband of their overseeing authority's leader, would they still dare to tread around as recklessly as they did in the past? Do you think they're idiots?"

"They're just swaying in the wind!"

"Shameless! Shameless to the extreme!"

"These media outlets really don't have any principles at all!"

The wheel of fortune is always turning. They could never have expected that this fellow with no artistic integrity who on kept fighting them would suddenly become the husband to the leader of the SARFT in just a few years. And now, he was even going to direct this year's Spring Festival Gala and have the final authoritative say in its matters?!

How could they accept this?

They were completely unable to accept it!

To be honest, it would be a lie to say that they didn't regret it. The crosstalk world had to swallow this insult and humiliation in silence and couldn't voice their bitterness. Just think about it; why did they have to take it up with Zhang Ye all the way back then? Couldn't they just have ignored him? In the end, they were the ones who made such a big enemy for themselves. This was such a terrible defeat for them. And most importantly, if they had managed to face smack Zhang Ye just once in the past, it would have appeased them slightly and made them feel less terrible now. But in every fight they had with Zhang Ye, they'd never come out on top once. Not even once!

So what had they been fighting for then?

As such, many of the crosstalk actors couldn't help but be unhappy with Tang Dazhang over this matter. It was all because of you! You were the one who led us against him, you were the one who picked on things. It was you who provoked the enemy, it was you who brought us the catastrophe. Look at this! Is the entire world going to have to be buried together with you? Why should that be the case!

...

When the news got out, excitement ripped through the Internet!

The netizens were all expressing their disbelief!

"Oh my God!"

"It's really Zhang Ye?"

"They've gotten him to direct the Spring Festival Gala? This is such a big move!"

"How could this be!"

"If it's really him, then the Spring Festival Gala this year might be interesting to watch!"

"Yeah, this fellow can kick up a storm wherever he goes!"

"Why are all the media outlets praising him?"

"I'm also not used to this. Didn't they always speak badly of Zhang Ye in the past?"

"Starting from today, Zhang Ye's door sill will soon be trampled flat. All of the acts' chances of getting onto the Spring Festival Gala are now in Zhang Ye's hands!"

"The crosstalk world is gonna cry!"

"How domineering!"

"What's so domineering about that? Why does Zhang Ye even want to get involved in a mess like this? He's too bold!"

"Yeah, there's nothing to criticize about Teacher Zhang's directing skills. Everyone can see that for themselves. But the executive director role for the Spring Festival Gala is really just to take the rap when it fails, so appointing any other person would be the same. It doesn't matter who takes the job. The Spring Festival Gala is still going downhill no matter what, and nothing can be done to reverse that. The viewership ratings will still continue to drop. I'm just worried that Zhang Ye will gain nothing out of this, or even worse, end up getting blamed for it. If that is the case, then wouldn't it have been better not to take the role in the first place? There's no point in having a moment of glory if it ends up with him suffering a defeat. How could he wrap it up at the end? Zhang Ye has already made a name for himself, so why would he still take such a risk?"

"Well, at least he'll have tasted glory once!"

"I'm in support of Zhang Ye doing a good one for the Spring Festival Gala!"

"I'm not optimistic about it."

"Me neither."

There were many different opinions among the people, with

everyone saying different things about Zhang Ye's appointment as the executive director of the Spring Festival Gala. However, the majority of the opinions were pessimistic. After all, the Spring Festival Gala had already "hurt" everyone too much!

Year after year of anticipation!

In exchange for year after year of disappointment!

As such, the people were no longer hopeful of anything!

...

Back at home.

In the bedroom.

Zhang Ye powered off his phone and went to bed early.

A news bombardment?

His industry peers in chaos?

The people in an uproar?

He couldn't see all of this, nor did he want to know about it. This was because Zhang Ye knew very well that tonight would be the last night that he would get a good night's rest. Starting tomorrow, he would officially be taking charge of the Central TV Spring Festival Gala. At that time, it would almost be impossible for him to get a proper night's rest. From tomorrow until Chinese New Year's Eve, Zhang Ye would be the busiest person in the entertainment circle. But of course, at the same time, he was going to be the most powerful person in the entertainment circle!

Chapter 1315: The Spring Festival Gala is timeless!

The next day.

In the morning.

The entrance of Central TV was jam-packed with reporters from television stations and newspaper agencies. All of them had surrounded the entrance with hardly any space to maneuver. No one knew how long they had been waiting for.

Suddenly, a car drove towards them from afar.

"He's here!"

"It's the BMW X5!"

"It's Zhang Ye's car!"

"He's arrived!"

"Director Zhang!"

"How do you feel about taking over the Spring Festival Gala job?"

"Can we interview you?"

"What plans do you have to make the Spring Festival Gala good?"

"Do you have the confidence to do well for this year's Spring Festival Gala?"

"What is the first step that you'll be taking after getting appointed?"

40 to 50 reporters had surrounded Zhang Ye's X5, so the car was forced to stop since it couldn't move forward. A few of Central TV's security guards immediately came over to disperse the crowd, but to no effect even after shouting themselves hoarse. The reporters from all the major media outlets and newspapers were simply not going to allow Zhang Ye to leave. This was because everyone in the

country had their attention on the role of the Spring Festival Gala's executive director. Furthermore, Zhang Ye was the youngest executive director in the gala's history. So the news of Zhang Ye's first day on the job was definitely not going to be missed being reported about by them. Some of the reporters had even been waiting here since midnight!

But unnoticed by anyone, a sedan drove into the premises from a side entrance.

When it stopped in the parking lot, the doors opened. Zhang Ye, Ha Qiqi, Zhang Zuo, and the others got out.

Zhang Ye turned his head back to look. "Good thing you guys were smart."

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "Of course. You're the center of attention, so we definitely have to consider such situations happening. Things are no longer the same as before."

Zhang Zuo looked up at the television tower. "We're back again."

Little Wang sighed. "I kinda miss the days we spent at Central TV."

Tong Fu blinked. "Does this count as a homecoming then?"

Ha Qiqi said happily, "That's not the proper phrase to use here."

"Then what should I have said?" Tong Fu asked.

Zhang Ye stepped forward and went in, saying as he did so, "We're here to wreak havoc in the Heavenly Palace."

Tong Fu got a fright. "Director Zhang, please don't scare me like that."

Zhang Zuo didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Can you not always be saying such terrible things? When those words come out of your mouth, I feel really scared."

Little Wang giggled, "Pfft!"

Zhang Ye called out to them, "Let's go."

Today's Zhang Ye was somewhat different.

Compared to yesterday, his composure had changed drastically.

...

Upstairs.

At the temporary holding office of the Central TV Spring Festival Gala's production team.

"Uh..."

"Director Zhang."

"Good morning, director."

"Director."

"Morning, director."

He was getting looks from everyone along the way. Their eyes shone with a complex swirl of emotions. The look in their eyes was really indescribable.

Was it anxiety?

Speechlessness?

Strife?

Or guilt?

In any case, it was definitely a negative emotion.

The roomful of people on the Spring Festival Gala production team were all experiencing an unmentionable sense of bitterness. Thinking about the day Zhang Ye had come to attend the initial meeting with his act's script, he was so sarcastic that they couldn't bear it. None of these people in the room missed out on getting hit with that sarcasm of his and were almost pushed to the brink by him. But now? Just several days later, Zhang Ye had somehow turned from Central TV's greatest adversary into the executive

director of the Spring Festival Gala? He had become their immediate superior?

Where could they go to reason against this!

A few of the those who were in charge came up to him.

"Director, my name is Li Liyi, I'm in charge of the stage setup."

"I'm in charge of the dance acts."

"I'm the manager of the screenwriting team."

"Director Zhang, nice to meet you. I'm in charge of the music."

Everyone took turns introducing themselves.

There were several dozen staff members on the production team who covered all aspects of the gala's requirements. It was a very well-rounded team.

It consisted of Central TV's current executives who were the top experts in the industry, as well as the most outstanding people from the relevant fields. This was likely a gathering of the most elite people for a gala team in the country, with everyone being the best of the best in their own capacities. One would simply not be able to be part of the Spring Festival Gala team if they didn't have some ability to speak of.

Zhang Ye memorized the names and roles of each of them.

A lot of people wondered what Zhang Ye's first task would be following his appointment. The answer was actually very simple. It was to integrate everyone so that they would be able to perform as a united front. The waters of the Spring Festival Gala ran too deep. With pressure from the top and the selection of the acts, this was already enough to give them headaches. If the production team was also a mess internally, then it would be impossible to get any work started. Therefore, the first task Zhang Ye had to do was get the production team under his control!

So he decided to say a few words to them.

Zhang Ye said, "Good day, everyone. I'm sure you've all received the news that I will be taking over the Spring Festival Gala production team starting today. You all know my temperament too. I'm a very straightforward person, so I'll say anything as it is. I personally know many of those who are here today, and some of you have had disagreements or quarrels with me in the past, while there are also some who have scolded me on the Internet before."

Hearing that, quite a few people in the production team looked embarrassed.

Zhang Ye spread his hands. "But that's OK. All of that happened because of work matters, so I can understand. We'll let bygones be bygones. You don't have to get stressed over it since I'm not a petty person. Starting today, we'll be colleagues. As long as it's for work, as long as everyone puts in the effort, anything goes!"

"Of course!"

"Don't worry about it!"

"Definitely!"

"We will listen to your orders!"

There was a scattered response from those in the production team that sounded very good, but their tone did not come across as too enthusiastic.

Zhang Ye looked at them, then said, "Actually to be honest, I did not want to take this job at first. Many of you here have been part of the Spring Festival Gala's production team many times, with some of you taking part twice, some thrice. But rather than gaining any credit for your work, you all received quite a fair share of the blame. I believe that a lot of you have a very mixed feelings about this like me. Some of you would be hesitating, some would feel quite bitter over it. To put it bluntly, this job that we're doing can simply be summarized as—a thankless task."

Everyone smiled wryly.

That's right.

It might sound very glorious to be on the Spring Festival Gala production team, but it really wasn't a good job at all.

Zhang Ye continued, "The viewership ratings for the Spring Festival Gala are falling, while the people's criticism is getting louder and louder. And who is that blame pinned on? It's always blamed on the Spring Festival Gala production team. At the previous gala, I was also one of those who showed a disgraceful side of me. I led the flaming of the Spring Festival Gala and on you guys, so let me first offer my apologies to you. When the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee invited me to take the role, my first reaction was to hide. I had to avoid it as far as I could. I didn't want to accept the job, I really didn't." With a pause, he said, "But as it is, here I am. At first, I was thinking of what a foolish mistake I'd made and why I had accepted the role. Why did I accept it like I had been possessed by a ghost or something?"

Everyone listened on curiously.

Zhang Ye suddenly laughed. "I went to bed very early last night. The moment I opened my eyes this morning, I understood. I suddenly knew why I chose to stand here. It's because I still have feelings for the Spring Festival Gala. I love it as it is a part of my memories. This is also a beautiful memory that many of us Chinese will never be able to forget. I didn't want it to meet its end just like that, I didn't want it to get scolded so terribly by all the citizens and be criticized by everyone on the same day every year!"

A few people were visibly moved.

A few people stayed silent.

How could they not have that same feeling for the Spring Festival Gala?

Zhang Ye said loudly, "I'm someone who doesn't believe the lies! No one is optimistic about this year's Spring Festival Gala? Well, I

won't believe that! So all the more I want to create a Spring Festival Gala that will catch the entire world's Chinese population by surprise! My abilities and standards are limited, but today! I will throw all hundred pounds of myself at the challenge! I will show them all! I want everyone to open their eyes and see it for themselves! The Spring Festival Gala is timeless!"

The Spring Festival Gala is timeless?

Everyone took a deep breath as they felt a certain emotion stirring deep within the recesses of their hearts!

Chapter 1316: An unprecedented sponsorship for the Spring Festival Gala?

Later that morning.

Zhang Ye officially took control of the Spring Festival Gala production team.

The people on the production team gradually reported on their work progress.

The operating expenses.

The personnel.

The stage.

The list of acts.

The time of the first approval session.

All kinds of difficult issues were waiting to be solved!

All kinds of difficulties were waiting to be overcome!

But after that motivating speech by Zhang Ye, a lot of the production team staff were feeling motivated and pumped up. They no longer had that worrisome look they had when they first met Zhang Ye, nor was there the crushing anxiety and pressure from their work that had stalled. Some of them immediately got down to work, some of them rekindled their spirits, and some of them were full of energy!

That's right!

Who says that the Spring Festival Gala is kaput?

Who determined such a thing?

...

In the Spring Festival Gala's executive director office.

Zhang Ye was announcing the team appointments. "Sister Ha,

you'll be the assistant director."

Ha Qiqi nodded firmly. "Alright!"

Zhang Ye said, "Brother Zuo, you too."

Zhang Zuo said, "No problem."

Zhang Ye said, "Little Wang, you will continue to be my assistant."

"As you command, Director Zhang," Little Wang said obediently.

The team that he brought along were assigned to roles in the production team. For the next two months, there wouldn't be a need to staff too many people at the studio since Zhang Ye would not be taking any other jobs for the time being. The core of his team could all be of use here in the Spring Festival Gala production team instead, so he brought them along with him. Ha Qiqi and Zhang Zuo were both originally from Central TV and were directors themselves. Putting aside their skill level, at least they had been working together with him long enough to have a good mutual understanding of each other. They understood his temper well and were familiar with his working style too. This was also where Zhang Ye needed them as he would require them to communicate his work assignments to the rest of the team.

Tong Fu said excitedly, "Director Zhang, what will we be doing this time? Just tell us your instructions!"

Little Wang also said with enthusiasm, "We will surely execute this year's Spring Festival Gala beautifully and let everyone know how strong our team is!"

Zhang Zuo laughed and said, "Right, let's shock them all!"

Ha Qiqi said, "Our names will be forever immortalized."

Hearing that, Zhang Ye was startled. "Immortalized? How?"

Ha Qiqi said, "By making sure that the Spring Festival Gala does well of course."

Zhang Ye was taken aback. "How are we going to make sure it does well?"

Everyone was dumbfounded.

"Ah?"

"How would we know?"

"Didn't you say it yourself earlier?"

"You said that the Spring Festival Gala was timeless!"

However, Zhang Ye's reply nearly made Ha Qiqi and the others faint on the spot. He said, "It's not like I'm God or something. In all the past years of the Spring Festival Gala, did you guys think that the executive directors were amateurs? That none of them had any true skill? For a problem that cannot be solved even after so many years of hard work by people like them, how do you expect me to suddenly solve it the moment I arrive? How is that possible! Aren't you guys too naïve?"

Us? Naïve?

The group of them vomited blood!

Ha Qiqi said, "But we weren't the ones who claimed that!"

Tong Fu said, "Director Zhang! You were the one who said it yourself!"

Zhang Ye stared at them and said, "I was just sweet talking them and you believed me?"

Little Wang said, "Ah?"

Zhang Zuo said, "Sweet talk?"

Everyone was baffled!

Damn! So you were just talking big?

So you didn't actually have a plan at all?

Aiyo, why are the words coming out of your mouth so unreliable?

We thought that you were really brimming with confidence!

Soon after, the few of them left with a sense of uncertainty, leaving Zhang Ye alone in the office to go through some documents with an unceasing headache and a frown on his face. A plan? Like he would have a plan! That solemn speech he gave earlier was purely to reassure the team and increase their morale so that their fighting spirit could be raised. What was a speech? To put it plainly, a speech was just a tool used to fool people. The words Zhang Ye had said did not even sound convincing to himself. He didn't have any confidence that he could make the Spring Festival Gala good. He could only take it one step at a time and solve whatever difficulties that laid ahead of them.

The funding issue!

This was the most pressing matter to address!

It was also the biggest issue that had to be resolved first!

As everyone knows, the Spring Festival Gala does not actually pay an appearance fee to its performers. It was unlike those variety shows on the local and satellite channels where an invitation for a bigger name celebrity to join a show could cost up to tens of millions of yuan. Even a small-timer could cost them several million yuan to invite. This was what a joining fee was, and even an interview would have to pay a celebrity some money. But this wasn't necessary for the Central TV Spring Festival Gala. On this stage, the celebrities were basically made available like cabbages in a market. Zhang Ye could choose from any celebrity from all over the country and it wouldn't cost a thing!

Pay them?

That would be overthinking things!

All they needed to provide them with were two boxed meals a day!

They could make claims for their train rides to get here, but not

if it was a business class ticket!

Claiming the expenses for a plane ticket would only be limited to an economy class seat, while first-class seats were out of the question!

You could count yourself lucky if they paid you 2,000 yuan for the appearance fee. Even if they only paid you 350 yuan, you would have to accept it. To them, the performers were all treated the same and there was no preferential treatment given to the bigger names.

So by all rights, since they didn't have to spend any money on appearance fees, they shouldn't be lacking money. But as it stood, it was the exact opposite. They lacked money, and they lacked it by too much. Why did Li Ke quit from his role? It was simply because he couldn't carry on working anymore. Without money, without a budget, they weren't even able to get the stage set up. Unless they continued using the same old stage from the previous years and made slight modifications to it while adding some new equipment, there was just no funding available to get them a bigger one.

Regarding that stage, Zhang Ye also knew about it. Other than it being a very large venue, the equipment facilities and technology supporting it were lacking by a lot compared to the variety show stages used on the local and satellite channels. This was supposed to be Central TV's Spring Festival Gala! It was the biggest gala in the world. But why was its stage not even comparable to that of a randomly picked variety show? How could it be like that? So of course it would be a wonder if the audience liked watching the gala! Therefore, this problem with the funding was a matter that Zhang Ye definitely had to solve!

He started running through the figures!

...

At the deputy station head office of Central TV.

"Station Head Hong."

"Hi, Boss Zhang."

"Can you all come up with a bit more money for the Spring Festival Gala's budget?"

"Aiyo, you're making things difficult for us that way."

"It's only at 80 million RMB. What is that enough for us to spend on?"

"This was the figure approved by the higher-ups. The budget for the Spring Festival Gala would have to be run past them first."

"But, Old Hong, this is really too little!"

"I also know that this isn't a large sum, but it has always been this figure for all the past galas. If we increase it, it won't make it past the audits. Besides, we also can't come up with that kind of money."

"Why can't you come up with that kind of money? Old Hong, don't you play dumb with me. It's not like I've never done a show at Central TV before. A budget of 100 to 200 million should be child's play!"

"That's because variety show can generate profits back for us. If we invest 200 million RMB into it, we can still earn that back later on. But the Spring Festival Gala does not earn any money for us. However much we put into it would mean the same amount has been spent. If you want 80 million or 100 million, we are still able to take that out of our pockets. But any more and it won't be up for discussion at all."

...

At the audit office.

In the chief's office.

"Chief Qian."

"Yo, Director Zhang?"

"Can you please approve an increase to the Spring Festival Gala's budget?"

"It's already at the limit."

"But it's not enough at all. It's definitely not going to work out."

"How about this, Director Zhang? I have also known Chief Wu for a long time now, so I will definitely give face to you regarding this matter. I will personally give the green light and increase your budget by another 20 million to make it a total of 100 million RMB. You can source it directly from Central TV, but any more and I can't do anything about it. I don't have the authority to do so either."

"That's too little!"

"How much do you need then?"

"At least 800 million!"

"Whoa! That's impossible. Don't talk about Central TV or us, which organization out there would be able to cough up that kind of money!"

...

No approval!

No money!

They couldn't dispense that sum at all!

After going around for an entire day to seven or eight departments and meeting with their heads, the answer from everyone was the same.

In the office of the Spring Festival Gala production team.

There was chattering.

"Director, this is what the situation is right now."

"Director Li also wanted to have a higher budget to work with to solve the issue with the stage, but he wasn't successful in getting it at the end."

"Your influence is already massive since you've managed to get another 20 million RMB. Director Li went around for so many days but wasn't even given an additional 1 million to work with!"

"There isn't any more time left. If we can't get more, let's just make do with this amount."

"Director, the leaders are already pressing us to quickly start work!"

"Hai, this is always how it ends up every year."

Everyone was giving suggestions.

But Zhang Ye was still very stubborn. "This amount of money isn't even enough to feed the birds! So what are we starting work for? As long as the money does not come in, I won't be moving a single plank! It's either I don't do it, or I'll do it to the best of my ability!"

This is the Spring Festival Gala we're talking about, alright?

The stage is too important!

It's the most crucial issue of crucial issues. We can't be sloppy about it!

You all can't come up with the money? Alright then! I'll think of a way myself!

Zhang Ye had already come to a decision. He immediately went to look for the leaders of the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee to convene an emergency meeting.

In the conference room.

The executives were all very anxious.

"Director Zhang, has work started yet?"

"Please quickly get the stage set up."

"There isn't much time left."

But Zhang Ye said, "I can't do anything if there's no money."

The audit office's leader said, "There's no one who can cough up the money that you want."

Zhang Ye nodded. "I know the money issue is very troublesome. But have any of you given it any thought before? About why the Spring Festival Gala is getting worse with each passing year? The funding is actually one of the main reasons for it. With the rapid pace of technological development, many of the television stations have upgraded their equipment. But us? We're still stuck in a time where we're still using the most traditional stage and set designs. This sort of backwardness directly leads to the viewership ratings dropping. The world around us is advancing, so the Spring Festival Gala must also change with the times. We have been dragging our feet for too long year after year, and there's no time anymore. If we don't introduce the changes now, the Spring Festival Gala is finished for sure!"

"But what about the money?" the chief from the audit office said.

A leader from the Ministry of Culture said, "What suggestions do you have?"

Zhang Ye looked at everyone and said, "I have a proposal here that, as long as it's approved, will ensure that money will no longer be an issue. Not only will the funding issue be resolved, but we will also be able to upgrade the stage into a world-class one. On top of that, mass profits could be generated too. And by that, I mean that the profits will keep rolling in year after year. At that time, everyone will no longer have to worry about the issue of funding anymore, and the stage will only get bigger with each passing year!"

Everyone was stunned. "What proposal is that?"

Zhang Ye handed out over a dozen copies of documents to them.

When the executives on the organizing committee flipped through them, all of them inhaled sharply!

The people from the SARFT were shocked!

The people from the audit office were shocked!

The people from the Ministry of Culture were shocked!

Advertisements!

Oh my god!

He was actually thinking about getting advertising sponsorships!

In Zhang Ye's previous world, the Central TV Spring Festival Gala already had a standardized mode of operation. However, in this world, the Spring Festival Gala had still not been introduced to the advertising format. Ever since the first gala, there had never been any appearance of an advertisement in it, never! So, when the executives saw this proposal, they were all very shocked. They were shocked by Zhang Ye's out of this world courage!

You actually dared to think of something like that?

In the entire country, only you would dare to think up of something like this!

This was a big deal. It was a huge deal!

"But there's no such precedent!"

"I know."

"Have you thought about the consequences?"

"I've considered them."

"Do you know how big of a controversy this will cause?"

"I know."

"What if something goes wrong because of this?"

"I will take full responsibility for it!"

"So you're serious about this then?"

"Yes, I'm serious about it!"

Zhang Ye had a determined look in his eyes!

The Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee executives all looked at one another!

Chapter 1317: The most daring executive director in the history of the Spring Festival Gala!

Meetings!

Debates!

Disagreements!

Voting!

Two days!

The higher-ups spent two entire days discussing it!

At this time, the Spring Festival Gala was becoming a very pressing issue. The previous appointment of the executive director had already been dragged on for too long. In fact, it was one of the latest appointments in all the past years. In the end, that executive director did not even take a few days before he decided to step down from the role. After another period of dragging on, they finally invited Zhang Ye to take charge of the Spring Festival Gala. The timing was so tight that every minute and second was extremely precious and couldn't be wasted. Yet the higher-ups spent these two days cooped up in a meeting to decide on the possibility of implementing an advertising format for the Spring Festival Gala. From that, it showed how important this matter was!

No one dared to make the decision!

No one was willing to bear this infamy!

But now, Zhang Ye had stepped up. He would be responsible for all the consequences. Further, he even submitted such a shocking advertising proposal and had also worked out the preliminary negotiations with the other party. After the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee saw this proposal, they were all astounded.

And even the executives above these executives could not help but feel impressed by Zhang Ye's idea when they learned about it—he was truly a prodigy at advertising and marketing. If they adopted this advertising plan by Zhang Ye, not only would they be paid the advertising fees, it could even drive up the Spring Festival Gala's viewership ratings and popularity!

Should they go ahead with it?

Could they allow such a precedent?

The higher-ups were hesitating!

For such an important matter, even the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee executives were unable to make a decision about it. It would require someone even higher up, or even the higher higher-ups to approve of the plan!

...

In the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team.

Zhang Ye was busy preparing the set design proposal.

"Director, this won't work."

"It will work if I say it does."

"But this would cost too much money."

A bunch of stage designers were arguing back and forth.

Zhang Ye was actually waiting as well. He had already been waiting for the past two days. Without money, all these set design proposals would have been done for naught. It wouldn't get translated onto the set at all.

Were they still undecided?

Was it really not possible?

He was getting really anxious.

Suddenly, Ha Qiqi ran in. "Director Zhang!"

Zhang Ye looked at her. "How goes it?"

Ha Qiqi exclaimed excitedly, "It's been approved! They've approved it!"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "How did they say it would be done?"

Ha Qiqi quickly explained, "There can only be a maximum of five advertisers and we mustn't exceed on that number. Of the advertisement money received, 1 billion yuan will be disbursed to us for our operating expenses. The leader has requested that every single yuan be used wisely. As for how the money should be spent, you can decide on it as long as you submit the requests for approval!"

Instantly, the Spring Festival Gala production team's staff screamed!

"What?"

"The higher-ups have really approved it?"

"This is great!"

"Ahhh!"

"We finally have money! We're rich!"

Some of the women on the team got so emotional that they almost cried!

There was a time when these people on the Spring Festival Gala production team were laughed at and called the poorest production team in the industry by their peers. They had the biggest gala stage to work on, but didn't have the budget of a large scale variety show. They couldn't afford to buy or get anything done, didn't manage to have their plans approved, and even had to miserly calculate if they had enough money left when ordering equipment. If they spent a little more than it looked necessary, they would get criticized by the media for recklessly spending the taxpayers' money. As a result, the higher-ups became very cautious and

managed their spending very carefully. Who could understand what they went through? It was simply unbearable to look back upon that!

However, it was different now!

Their executive director's proposal had been approved by the higher-ups!

This would mean that they would be getting the funding very soon, and it wasn't just 100 million or 200 million they were talking about. It was 1 billion RMB! And it was even money from sponsors, so they wouldn't have to worry about others wagging their tongues about how they spent it! They were about to turn from the poorest production team into the richest one in the world!

What did that feel like?

They felt as though they were soaring to the skies!

Zhang Ye also suddenly became very confident. "Old Ha, quickly contact the advertisers. Make an appointment with them to get the contracts signed so that we can immediately execute the advertising proposal!"

Ha Qiqi replied, "OK, I'll get to it immediately!"

Zhang Ye said, "I only have one request for them!"

Ha Qiqi said, "What is it?"

Zhang Ye said, "That they disburse the advertising fees within a week!"

Ha Qiqi said, "Alright, I'll talk to them about that!"

Everyone got down to business!

Some of the people were full of energy, while others had a bitter look on their faces.

Director Zhang was playing with fire this time. Was the Spring

Festival Gala really going to advertise now? What kind of a result would that garner? Right now, no one dared to make any predictions!

...

In the outside world.

The media was getting restless.

It has already been two days, but there was still no sign of any activity regarding the Spring Festival Gala. They had spent the past few days waiting for Zhang Ye's first move since his appointment as the executive director. However, there was still nothing that came out of that. A lot of the reporters could not believe this. This was Zhang Ye they were talking about, the well-known hooligan of the entertainment industry. If it were any other executive director who stayed quiet after their appointment, they might still believe it! But to see Zhang Ye not making a move? That was just impossible! He didn't pick a fight with anyone? He didn't scold anyone? When had this fellow ever been so composed? This was not his style!

Beijing Times.

The editorial department was abuzz with conversation.

"The Spring Festival Gala production team is too quiet."

"Yeah, it's so quiet that it's scary."

"Why do I feel like a storm is brewing?"

At this moment, someone ran in!

"Not good!"

"What's the matter, Little Li?"

"I just got back from Central TV. Something big has happened with the Spring Festival Gala!"

"What is it? Say it quickly!"

"Zhang Ye is—"

"What did he do?"

"He's turning to advertisements!"

"What?"

"Holy shit!"

"I knew it, I knew that something big would happen!"

...

At Xinhua News Agency.

"Something has happened! The Spring Festival Gala is going to advertise!"

"Get lost, that's impossible."

"It's true!"

"Hur hur, who would dare advertise during the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Zhang Ye dares!"

"Damn, are you serious?"

"It's verified to be 100% true! This news has been confirmed!"

"What?"

"Has Zhang Ye gone crazy?"

...

People's Daily.

The editorial department was in utter silence!

"Holy fuck!"

"This—"

"This is crazy!"

"This is insanity!"

"They're going to have advertisements on the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Heavens!"

"This year's Spring Festival Gala is going to be chaos!"

"That's what they get for appointing a reckless man like Zhang Ye to take charge of the gala!"

...

The media was stunned!

The industry was puking blood!

After two days of waiting and inaction, the first thing that Zhang Ye did for the Spring Festival Gala had stunned the entire country's citizens! Zhang Ye was indeed still that same old Zhang Ye. When he didn't make a move, everything was fine. But the moment he did, it would always be earth-shattering. The Spring Festival Gala was going to have advertisements in it? Other than him, who would even toy with that sort of idea!

The people were dumbfounded!

"Are you serious?"

"Oh my God!"

"Zhang Ye is too bold!"

"He fucking has the courage of a lion!"

"I knew that there would be trouble the moment they said he was taking charge of the Central TV Spring Festival Gala. Just look at this. It's only been a few days, but the Spring Festival Gala is going to take advertisers? If this continues for another two months, the Spring Festival Gala will surely get dismantled by Zhang Ye! Aiyo, goddammit, there have never been advertisements on the Spring Festival Gala before!"

"Pfft!"

"Zhang Ye is such a scammer!"

"This is great. He's dragged the Spring Festival Gala down!"

"He's capable of causing trouble everywhere he goes!"

"This has turned into something big!"

"How could he bring what they do on variety shows onto the Spring Festival Gala!"

"If the Spring Festival Gala has advertisements on it, how much would the advertising fees cost? Just having a brief moment of screen time would cost at least a 100 million, right?"

"What a scammer this Zhang Ye is! They appointed you to be in charge of the Spring Festival Gala so that you could improve it, not earn money for it. Aiyo, this is so funny!"

"Hahahahaha!"

"Zhang Ye is indeed very unconventional!"

"The higher-ups too, why would they approve a proposal like this?"

"Yeah, the higher-ups are really giving a lot of face to Zhang Ye."

"This year's Spring Festival Gala will definitely be different from the previous years."

"That's right. With Zhang Ye around, how can there not be any controversies?"

"The world can't stop our Lord Zhang!"

"Just let him do it. The past years have always been too traditional because everyone was so concerned with their statuses. It's not bad to have Zhang Ye introduce some chaos into the equation. Who knows, he might just be able to come up with a few tricks. Furthermore, this year's Spring Festival Gala bears his name. It won't matter how much of a mess it gets into. Zhang Ye will be totally responsible for it. He must have considered the

consequences before going ahead with this plan."

People were praising it.

People were sarcastically poking fun at it.

People were scolding it.

People were criticizing it.

Zhang Ye's actions had caused a great uproar in the country!

The news also started being reported about in the nation!

Even the Asian media outlets started picking up on the reports. For a world-class stage like the Spring Festival Gala, there was also a lot of attention given to it in Asia. Besides, Zhang Ye was also an A-list celebrity in the Asian Celebrity Rankings, so even if he was still not that appealing to people in Asian countries, he was still known to many of them!

He was getting a mixed reception!

There was a continued controversy about this!

But there was an opinion that seemed pretty unified across all the media outlets!

All of them unanimously agreed that Zhang Ye was: the most daring executive director in the history of the Spring Festival Gala!

Daring to advertise also required courage!

Further, on a stage like the Spring Festival Gala?

This was a decision that no any ordinary person could make!

Chapter 1318: Arrival of the five rip-off cards of fortune!

When the 1 billion RMB was received.

Work on the stage began.

The advertising negotiations were carried out.

The program list was drawn up.

Preparations for the first approval session began.

The Spring Festival Gala's production team led by Zhang Ye suddenly got busy.

Meanwhile, there was no lack of doubting voices from the outside world.

Little Wang reported, "Director Zhang, there is quite a lot of scolding directed at us outside."

Zhang Ye said, "I know, just leave them be."

Tong Fu was slightly surprised. "Aren't we going to issue a response?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "There's no need. If they keep talking about us, it proves that there is a lot of attention given to the Spring Festival Gala. That's much better than having no attention at all, isn't it? It can also be seen as a different form of publicity. Besides, this isn't even that much of a scolding. They still have not started with the serious scolding." There was a deeper meaning to his words.

Everyone was dismayed.

"Ah?"

"Have not started yet?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Is it because of the advertisements?"

"Are there going to be problems with the advertisements?"

They kept up with the questioning. The Spring Festival Gala production team members did not have the same strong mental fortitude as Zhang Ye.

However, Zhang Ye did not give them a direct answer. He simply gave a sheepish smile and said, "You'll find out when the time comes."

For the Spring Festival Gala's viewership ratings, Zhang Ye had resorted to using his killer move. This killer move was the kind that would sacrifice a 2,000-strong army to defeat an army with only 1,000 enemies. It was one of the most controversial marketing cases in Zhang Ye's previous world but an extremely explosive technique that was very deceitful as well. The people of this world would surely not know about it, but if it was mentioned to anyone in Zhang Ye's previous world, eighty percent people would surely jump up and start cursing at it!

That's right!

It was just such a deceitful marketing technique!

And now, Zhang Ye was getting ready to introduce it to this world!

...

The days passed.

The production pace of the Spring Festival Gala started picking up.

...

On this day.

The country was in an uproar!

Everyone had been stunned by a sudden piece of news!

The Spring Festival Gala's advertising partner, one of the country's largest payment processors called "Unipay," had announced some extremely shocking news. With a cash prize pool of 200 million RMB, the Spring Festival Gala's "Five Cards of Fortune Collection" campaign was launched.

And what were the five fortunes?

The prosperity and strength card of fortune.

The harmony card of fortune.

The friendship card of fortune.

The patriotism card of fortune.

The work dedication card of fortune.

The rules were: A user who adds ten new friends on Unipay will stand to receive three cards of fortune. The remaining two cards could be gifted or exchanged between Unipay friends, and the users who managed to gather all five cards of fortune would stand to win an equal share of the 200 million RMB cash prize. This was not simply a chance at winning the prize money, but a definite one as long as you could gather all five cards of fortune. So that would mean that if only one person could gather all the cards, then that person would win the entire share of the 200 million RMB. If two people each managed to gather the five cards, the 200 million yuan cash pool would be split equally between them!

It was cold, hard cash!

This was as fair as it could get!

The Spring Festival Gala's official Weibo shared the post!

This campaign was widely advertised across all the major forums!

Unipay's promotions instantly covered every nook and cranny in an overwhelming fashion!

When had the people ever witnessed such a strong marketing push before? They were dumbfounded!

"Holy shit!"

"200 million RMB?"

"I didn't read it wrong, did I? Has Unipay gone crazy?"

"Is this what the Spring Festival Gala's advertisement is?"

"Haha, I like this advertisement!"

"No shit, who wouldn't like it since it involves money to be won!"

"Are they really going to give out 200 million yuan in red packets?"

"Did they have to make such a big move! Isn't this a little too much?"

"This is fucking 40 times higher than the prize money for those sports lottery tickets!"

"My God!"

"Ahhhhh! 200 million! It's 200 million!"

"Great showing, Unipay! Nicely done!"

"200 million, here I come!"

"Get lost, it's mine!"

"I'm gonna give it a try!"

"Hurry, add me as a friend! Quick!"

"If we're too slow, it'll be gone. Requesting ten contacts to add!"

"Let's help each other out, comrades!"

"This is so exciting!"

Everyone was bursting with excitement!

The red packet war had started!

...

At Tsinghua University.

In a classroom.

An English teacher was currently giving a lecture from the front of the room.

"How do we play this?"

"Add me as a friend first, then I'll tell you."

"Wow, I've already gotten three fortune cards!"

"Me too, I'm just short of another two!"

"Who has the work dedication card of fortune? I'll trade the prosperity and strength card of fortune for it!"

"Shh, be quiet. We're in class."

...

At a company.

"Old Li, I've already gathered four cards of fortune."

"What cards of fortune? Why are you gathering them?"

"Don't you know? There's 200 million yuan to be won!"

"Ah?"

"Quickly sign up for a Unipay account."

"Alright, let me give this card gathering thing a try too!"

...

In a restaurant.

The waiters were huddled together in groups of two and three.

"Give me a patriotism card! Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

"I only have two cards of fortune!"

"I'll trade the harmony card with you!"

"Alright, I've sent it to you!"

"Where's the work dedication card?"

"I don't know! No one has it!"

...

In the crosstalk world.

"What are you all doing?"

"We're gathering the five fortunes."

"Whoa, you guys are also playing such games at your age?"

"There's no chance for us to get on the Spring Festival Gala anyway, so we might as well just give it a try. Who knows, we might end up winning the red packet prize."

The number of people collecting the cards of fortune was increasing!

Even the old comrades from the crosstalk world had joined in, so just imagine what kind of a situation this was!

...

On one of the days.

A Weibo photo went viral.

The first person in the country to gather all five of the cards of fortune finally appeared. That person posted a screenshot with the five cards flush with color, while the comments below were all envious voices.

"That's amazing!"

"You've gathered them all so quickly?"

"Big Bro, please give me a share of your prize!"

"This is worth 200 million, bro!"

"If no one else manages to gather them all, the entire 200 million RMB prize will belong to you!"

"Damn, where's the work dedication card!"

"I'm also looking for it. There are too few of them!"

"Fucking work dedication card, show yourself!"

"Collecting the work dedication card, paying 50 yuan for one!"

"I'll pay 100 yuan!"

"Whoever has the work dedication card, please PM me. I can act cute for you and warm your bed too!"

"Could this poster end up winning the entirety of the prize money?"

"No way, right? There will definitely be others who can gather all five of them as well. In fact, I heard that there will be an indication of how many people have managed to gather all the cards of fortune during the live broadcast of the Spring Festival Gala on Lunar New Year's Eve. The hosts will also be handing out cards of fortune that will be up for grabs to the viewers, so there should still be quite a few work dedication cards getting released. We can only depend on luck to see if we can get them!"

"What? It will be a concurrent event with the Spring Festival Gala?"

"That's right."

"This advertising campaign is really fun and gimmicky!"

"Zhang Ye is so devious!"

"Yeah, the campaign was thought up by him in the first place!"

"Pfft, Zhang Ye is too good at business. I was still wondering why he was suddenly open to taking advertisements for the gala. So it was because the advertisements could help increase the viewership ratings and bring in viewership for the Spring Festival Gala!"

"I don't care about the gala. All I want is the work dedication card!"

"I'll be the girlfriend of whoever gives me their work dedication card!"

"Damn, previous poster, are you serious?"

"I hope the Spring Festival Gala gets broadcast soon. I can't wait anymore!"

"I hope they'll give out a few more of the work dedication cards during the Spring Festival Gala!"

One spread to ten.

Ten spread to a 100.

Some people were doing it for the red packets while others were doing it purely for the fun of it. There were also people who saw their friends asking for cards of fortune who ended up joining in the activity as well. A propagation like this through social media was extremely frightening. Once a user started gathering the cards of fortune, the ten friends they added would also know about it. When those ten friends joined in to gather the cards, they would then bring in another 100 friends with them. The 100 friends would then bring in 1,000 friends, and the 1,000 friends would bring in 10,000 friends. This would go on and on until no new users were left!

It was a form of viral marketing!

In just a short period of time, the entire country was caught up in the craze of the Spring Festival Gala's Five Cards of Fortune Collection!

That's right!

It was crazy!

It was an unparalleled madness!

...

Elsewhere.

Zhang Ye had been on the receiving end of countless phone calls from his relatives and friends in recent days.

His mother called.

"Son."

"Mom, I'm busy at work."

"Wait, I haven't even said anything yet."

"Go on, go on."

"Send me a work dedication card."

"Ah?"

"The work dedication card! Hurry up!"

"But I don't have it."

"The cards of fortune are given out by the Spring Festival Gala, so how can you not have any when you're the executive director?"

"I really don't have any. They're handed out by Unipay; we're just their partner."

"Alright then, I'll go check with others."

Rao Aimin called.

"Little Zhang!"

"Big Sis Rao, what's the matter?"

"Send me a work dedication card."

"What? You're playing that too?"

"There's money to be won. Only a fool would not play!"

"But you're already so rich. Anyway, I don't have it."

"Rascal, don't you give me that bullshit. Hurry up and get me the card!"

"I really don't have it."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye gave a wry smile. Then he looked at Ha Qiqi, Zhang Zuo, and the group of people from the Spring Festival Gala production team who were on their break. A lot of

them were whispering to each other, and it could be seen that they were all trading cards of fortune with one another. They were really enjoying it, and it could be seen that even the Spring Festival Gala production team had fallen into the craze of gathering the five fortunes!

The entire country had fallen!

No one was spared!

They had all been taken in by the scam!

It had gotten big!

It had gotten huge!

Zhang Ye shuddered in fear on the inside. He wiped away his sweat and called Ha Qiqi over. "Sister Ha, uhh, come over for a bit. I have something that I need to talk to you about."

"Coming, Director Zhang." Ha Qiqi quickly traded a card of fortune with Little Wang before coming over. "Is the noon break over? Should I notify everyone to start working?"

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "Were you the one who liaised with Unipay?"

Ha Qiqi nodded. "Yes, I'm in charge of that."

Zhang Ye cleared his throat and stammered, "Umm, so, tell them quickly that I said to let them come up with another promotion to create another prize pool on the day of the Spring Festival Gala. It doesn't have to be much, just tens of millions, or a 100 million would be fine too. Or they could also work with some of the artist studios and invite the celebrities to join in. They can then hand out red packets in the name of the celebrities or stuff like that. This would not require the use of the cards of fortune, nor will there be any limitations on who can grab the red packets. Everyone is allowed to take part, and it's best that everyone can participate in it. When the time comes, we'll also help them to promote it here on the Spring Festival Gala."

Ha Qiqi was taken aback. "That shouldn't be necessary, right, Director Zhang? This Five Cards of Fortune Collection campaign has taken off so crazily that everyone is trying their hand at it. Why is there still a need to directly give out additional red packets? The publicity effect is in place, and the advertising world is totally shocked by this advertising and marketing push that you've started!"

Yes!

They were all in shock!

But what was even more shocking was still to come!

This marketing push was a complete scam. It was a bottomless pit!

Zhang Ye said, "Just do as I say."

"Alright, understood. I'll get in contact with them about it," Ha Qiqi said.

Zhang Ye said, "Tell them that this is to earn goodwill for them, so don't be afraid to spend. They've already spent 200 million anyway, so this amount should not really matter that much."

Ha Qiqi went to carry out his instructions. "OK."

This proposal that Zhang Ye was suggesting was actually to help Unipay dig its way out of the pit. Once the campaign ended, Unipay should be able to benefit quite a bit from it, and the Spring Festival Gala would not be implicated either. Be it the Five Cards of Fortune Collection or grabbing of the red packets that the celebrities would be giving out, all of that would help to boost the Spring Festival Gala's viewership ratings. As such, the Spring Festival Gala was the party that stood to gain the most out of this campaign. So when you thought about it, the blame would only fall onto Zhang Ye. Not only was he the executive director of the Spring Festival Gala, he was also the manager of this advertising and marketing proposal. This fellow could already imagine how

many people would curse at him on the day the campaign ended!

Hai, come at me then. He was already mentally prepared for the backlash that he would receive over his "scamming" of the entire country's citizens in a bid to boost the viewership ratings of the Spring Festival Gala!

The five fortunes?

Five fortunes, my ass!

This was more like the five deceptions!

But the thing was, nobody knew what it was yet!

Chapter 1319: Zhang Ye resorts to cheating!

At the outside world.

The cards of fortune continued taking the country by storm.

And on this day, the Spring Festival Gala held its first approval session.

...

At Central TV.

In the morning.

At the venue of the first approval session.

In a large studio, only several dozen people were seated in the first two rows of the audience seating. Zhang Ye sat right in the middle with a group of executives from the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee on either side. Behind them were several assistant directors and staff participating in the approval session, while the remaining seats were all empty. Meanwhile, the backstage was filled with the waiting celebrity artists and song and dance troupes from the various government branches. Together with the staff of Central TV's Spring Festival Gala, the backstage was bursting with people.

First up was the review of the singing acts.

Zhang Ye flipped through the list of acts and commanded, "Let's get it started."

Ha Qiqi read out loud, "Will the first group of performers please stand by."

The leaders and staff participating in the approval session picked up their pens, ready to give scores.

The list of acts for today's approval session was actually not changed from the previous one that Li Ke had drawn up when he was in charge. Of course, a majority of the performers were in the

"guaranteed" groups, which consisted of the song and dance troupes nominated through the various government branches. Zhang Ye did not make any changes to it and followed with this list of acts for the approval session. The main reason for this was simply because there wasn't enough time. Zhang Ye had taken over the Spring Festival Gala event in a rush when it was almost time to hold the first approval session, so he could only follow with what had been drawn up for the time being. He would have to observe how it went before making any further decisions. As for the acts, he would have to filter through them afterwards to make selections. Zhang Ye needed to first understand what the standards of the performers and acts were.

Chen Guang.

Fan Wenli.

Zhang Xia.

Spring Garden.

Team VAA.

Singers from a song and dance troupe.

The performers appeared on stage one after another.

"This one isn't too bad."

"This one is good."

"This song is a little old, isn't it?"

"Isn't Team VAA's performance too simple?"

"That performance by Spring Garden won't do."

The members of the approval board for the first approval session were whispering. As the performers sang on stage, they discussed among themselves in the audience.

Then it was time for the dances.

Teachers from a song and dance troupe.

Students from a dance school.

There were a total of eight art troupes.

"It's a little boring to watch."

"Who recommended this group?"

"It's the Naval Song and Dance Troupe."

"It's not really that great to watch."

"Yes, it feels very similar to the dance they did two years ago."

"Hai, this definitely won't do."

"That student group's dance performance was somewhat interesting."

Acrobatic performances: There were a total of three acts.

Stage magic tricks: There were also three acts.

They were followed by ten language performances.

There was crosstalk.

Skits.

And even a three-person talk show.

And so on.

"This skit is pretty good!"

"Teacher Ci is still going strong after all these years."

"The script still needs a little fine-tuning. There are areas that can be improved upon."

"This talk show is no good."

"Right, I agree. Let's take this one out."

"Director Zhang is the creator of the talk show genre, so performing a talk show in front of him is indeed putting on a performance in front of a professional."

"The three-person talk show might be a rather refreshing idea,

but it's a little too nondescript."

"Eh, what about Director Zhang, Yao Jiancai, and Dong Shanshan's skit?"

"Director Zhang is the main judge of the first approval session, so how would he have the time to get on stage to perform. He can only put it aside for the time being and might perform it during the second approval session."

An hour.

Five hours.

Ten hours.

From morning until night.

From dawn until dark.

After an entire day of work, the Spring Festival Gala's first approval session finally came to an end.

The performers had all left, and many of the staff also returned home to rest. However, Zhang Ye and the other approval board heads stayed behind at the venue in their seats in the first row.

Zhang Ye was silent.

Ha Qiqi looked at him.

Zhang Zuo blinked several times, unsure of what Director Zhang was thinking.

Ever since the first performance started during today's approval session, Zhang Ye did not say a word. He did not express any attitude to any of the performances. Was he happy? Was he satisfied? No one knew exactly what he was thinking. They were all evaluating the performances and pointing about as they wrote down scores. Only Zhang Ye did not have any reaction throughout.

An executive on the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee glanced at him. "Boss Zhang?"

"Boss Zhang" was clearly just a form of address they had for him since Zhang Ye couldn't strictly be considered a boss. Based on these executives' statuses and ranks, there wouldn't be anything wrong if they just addressed him as Little Zhang. However, not anyone could call him that as they liked. This was because Zhang Ye's wife was Wu Zeqing. From the perspective of ranks, the two highest-ranking leaders on the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee were only of equal status with Wu Zeqing, while the rest of them were ranked lower than her. And since the office was a place where seniority was considered important, when they were faced with Wu Zeqing's husband, they couldn't address him as Little Zhang, could they? So calling him Boss Zhang or Director Zhang was the most suitable form of address.

"Director Zhang, what do you think?"

"The acts for the first approval session have all performed. What do you think about them?"

The organizing committee's executives were all seeking his opinion.

In the end, Zhang Ye came up with a startling response.

He said, "I only have one thought right now. Is it too late to say I quit? 'Cause, you know, I still have some matters to attend to at home. Why don't you check again with someone else to see if they can take the role of executive director?"

Everyone was floored!

"Ah?"

"Director Zhang, please don't joke like that."

"You cannot be talking like this. You mustn't joke about such things!"

"Aiyo, what's this about?"

"Boss Zhang, please calm down, calm down!"

The executives got scared!

The production team staff were dumbfounded!

What the heck!

Even Zhang Ye is thinking of calling it quits?

But Zhang Ye was feeling even more scared than them. He pointed at the stage and asked, "Those are the best acts that were 'carefully selected' from all across the country? Every one of you saw it earlier too, right? You all watched every act without missing a single one, right? If you all say that these acts are especially wonderful, so wonderful that you'll want to applaud them, then I will feel that it is an insult to me as an artist. I'd have nothing to say!"

Some people had a wry smile on their faces.

Some of them were slightly embarrassed.

A leader said, "Boss Zhang, don't be angry. I admit that this year's acts are indeed lacking when compared to the previous years'. But isn't it just the first approval session? There's still a lot of room for improvement. Didn't the higher-ups invite you to take charge because they needed you to help with improving the acts? I know that you're not happy about there being so many nominated song and dance troupes from the government branches and feel that it is limiting you. We can still discuss it further. If there are any acts that you still find unsuitable after watching, and which we also think is average, then we can cut it from the program list. All of that can be discussed."

"Yes, we can talk about it."

"Those acts performed by the song and dance troupes this year are indeed a little poor."

The executives on the Spring Festival Gala organizing committee were a little less restrictive about things this time.

What were the reasons behind Li Ke's resignation?

One of them was that he could not secure the funding that he needed!

And the other reason was that of the list of acts!

What about the funding?

What about the stage?

What about the promotions?

All of those were just auxiliary!

Only the acts mattered. The Spring Festival Gala was dependent on its content to attract viewers in the end. If the acts were not good, everything else would be done in vain. Zhang Ye finally understood why Old Li had quit from his role. If he knew about the situation with the list of acts, he would never have agreed to take the job either!

What the heck were all these acts!

Zhang Ye had already reviewed the past Spring Festival Galas of this world.

The previous year.

The year before that.

And even the ones from 10, 20 years ago, he had gone through as many as he could!

Sometimes, Zhang Ye wondered why the Spring Festival Gala was getting worse year after year. Was it really because the quality of acts was declining? He didn't feel so. Looking at the past years' program lists and being honest about it, from the technical level of the staff to the complexity of the stage, things had always been improving year after year. What contributed to the poor reputation that the Spring Festival Gala was suffering from was the nitpicking of the audience. The audience's expectations had become higher. If you could get on the Spring Festival Gala,

everyone would know that you got there because you were good. So expectations would be raised. Even if you disappeared into thin air onstage, the audience would not be surprised by it. In fact, they would even think that this was the norm. But if you don't disappear? Then the audience's expectations of your show would not be met. They would start thinking that you were not good enough and that the show was just as bad.

So what could they do about that?

This was asking too much of them!

Besides, this nitpicking could even be said to be extremely harsh!

In all fairness, if those acts that were performed for the first approval session were used in any event other than the Spring Festival Gala, they would surely get a lot of cheers and be praised as wonderful. But since they were going to be on the Spring Festival Gala, they were simply unacceptable. On the stage of the Spring Festival Gala, they were just too ordinary! There were no surprises!

This would not do!

It would not work out!

If it was like this, then this year's Spring Festival Gala would just be as bad as the previous years'!

Everyone was getting anxious as they came up with all kinds of suggestions.

"If it's not good enough, let's add a few more acts."

"What about the backup acts? Maybe we can bring them in?"

"Let's invite another few big names?"

"There's not much time left until the second approval session. Will it be too late?"

"We still have to do it even if there's no time. I agree with Director Zhang's opinion; the acts we saw in the first approval

session only have a pass rate of 30%. The remaining ones are totally unsuitable!"

"But the issue is that there aren't any good acts!"

"Where are the writers? Maybe we should employ more of them?"

"The writing team is already very strong at what they do."

"Get them to write another few acts that are good. The performers' standards and technical levels are actually very outstanding. As long as they can write something good for them, there will surely be someone who can perform up to standards. The problem right now is that there aren't enough good scripts. On top of that, even if we feel that some of these scripts are good, the common folk will not necessarily feel the same way as us!"

"Yeah, that's what makes this really difficult."

The meeting went on until past 10 in the evening.

Everyone was feeling very pressured and exhausted.

Finally, Zhang Ye spoke, "Let's end it here today. I'll come up with a list of acts tomorrow!"

"You're going to plan one yourself?"

"Yes."

"For which kinds of performances?"

"All of them!"

"All of them?!"

Everyone was stunned!

At this point, no one seemed to have realized how great of an impact Zhang Ye's words would have. They did not know how determined he was. At the beginning, Zhang Ye had hoped to count on the works of this world. He thought that based on the size of China, it shouldn't be too difficult to uncover a few wonderful

acts in the country. He didn't want to touch the works from his previous world at all. Such works would only decrease in number every time he used one of them. Those who knew him would know that he was extremely "miserly." All of the works were supposed to be left for himself, and he rarely would take them out for others to use. Even if it were Zhang Yuanqi approaching him for a song that he wouldn't sing since he wasn't a woman, Zhang Ye would never willingly give away any of them and would always grumble about this and that.

But he couldn't do that this time!

Zhang Ye had been forced to show his hand!

The acts were not good enough?

They really couldn't come up with something good?

Alright then, I'll do it!

Dance?

I'll choreograph it!

Songs?

I'll write them!

Crosstalks?

Let me handle it!

Skits?

I'll write the scripts!

Magic?

Let me plan some tricks!

Acrobatics?

I'll direct it!

The acts that I won't be using or are unsuitable for me, I'll write them down, choreograph them, and teach them to all of you one

by one. I'll bring out the acts that are most closely followed and talked about in my previous world, the ones that have been market tested, and present them to all of you one by one. I'll redo all of the gala's acts from start to finish!

Fuck!

I won't fucking believe it!

I won't believe that this year's Spring Festival Gala will end in failure!

The cornered Zhang Ye was finally about to resort to cheating!

Legge Legge

Chapter 1320: An entirely new program list rolls out!

The next morning.

News was spreading through the grapevine.

"A situation at the Spring Festival Gala's first approval session?"

"No acts were passed at the first approval session?"

"The Spring Festival Gala's program list could be cast aside!"

"The Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee is extremely unsatisfied with the acts!"

"Zhang Ye loses his temper in public!"

"Where will this year's Spring Festival Gala go from here?"

"The most difficult year of the Spring Festival Gala!"

"Will Zhang Ye be able to save things?"

...

At Central TV.

In the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team.

Zhang Ye stayed overnight. This was the fifth night he spent at Central TV. He did not step out of Central TV during the day either. He ate, slept, and worked there. As long as the production team or organizing committee had any matters to resolve with him, they could always find him in his office or on the stage. This was who Zhang Ye was. When it came to work, he would risk his life. For the Spring Festival Gala, he was really throwing all he had into it.

The brand-new program list was out!

Only the names of the acts could be seen. No description of their contents was available. Only he knew all about them for the time

being.

But this was the most brilliant program list that Zhang Ye felt that he had come up with after racking his brains all night. He had deliberated repeatedly and changed his choices until he thought it was the most appropriate and brilliant program list there was!

An opening dance?

Acrobatics?

Magic?

Skits?

Crosstalks?

It had all of that. In fact, even the order of the acts was rudimentarily decided upon!

If the people of this world had a look at the program list, they would definitely find it rather odd and not understand it. But if it were the people of Zhang Ye's previous world who saw it, they would surely be dumbfounded. This was because all of the acts listed were the most closely watched programs in all the years of the Spring Festival Gala in that world. They were the most hotly debated and talked about acts of all. To put all of these earth-shattering acts into one gala, just what kind of an impact would that have? No one knew, and not even Zhang Ye himself could predict it!

With the program list out, all that remained was to find the performers. Some of these performers were easy to get, but some were not. Many of the new acts on this list required him to pick out the performers very carefully. Not only would they need to have skill, their statuses, image, and presence would also need to fit together. This was what was so difficult.

Zhang Ye called out, "Old Ha."

"Director Zhang, you're calling for me?"

"Where's Little Wang?"

"She's at the main stage."

"Get her here. I need you both to go out with me for a bit."

"Now?"

"Yes, now."

"Alright!"

Then Zhang Ye called over Assistant Director Zhang Zuo as well and gave him some instructions. After that, he left with Ha Qiqi and Little Wang. Right now, Zhang Ye didn't need to stay put at Central TV in his capacity as the executive director. Only one month was left until the second approval session, which was also the final one before the rehearsals, so there was a need to get all of the acts finalized before that. What Zhang Ye had to do now was to find the performers and make sure that he could get the acts out one by one!

It was a fine day today.

After having not been out for so many days, the sun was very piercing to his eyes.

Little Wang was driving. "Director Zhang, where are we heading?"

Zhang Ye handed her his cell phone. "Just follow the GPS."

"Th-This is a construction site?" Little Wang was stunned.

Ha Qiqi said startled, "Why are we going to a construction site?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "A song on my new program list requires two people to sing it."

Ha Qiqi said floored, "And those two people are at the construction site?"

"That's right," Zhang Ye said calmly.

Ha Qiqi was speechless.

Little Wang was speechless.

Both of them were a little confused.

Half an hour later, the car reached the location.

Loud singing reached their ears.

Zhang Ye rolled down the car window. "Stop the car and park it to the side."

Little Wang steered to the curb and stepped on the brakes.

Ha Qiqi pricked up her ears.

Two voices were coming from that direction. They were singing songs that Zhang Ye had performed on King of Masked Singers.

...

"There are times I feel like I'm a small, li'l bird.

"I wanna fly, but no matter how I can't fly high.

"Perhaps I'll one day perch on the branches, "Yet the hunters I've incurred.

"Only when I flew into the blue sky did I discover, "that I had nothing upon which to rely."

...

"Arise!

"ye pris'ners of starvation!

"Arise!

"ye wretched of the Earth!"

...

One song.

Two songs.

Three songs.

Two people were singing as they carried steel beams.

They were blood-related brothers. One was called Zhang Guang, the other was called Zhang Fang.

Their nearby coworkers were listening in enjoyment and even sang along with them at times.

In the car.

Little Wang exclaimed, "It's the Laborer Brothers!"

Ha Qiqi looked at Zhang Ye in surprise. "You're here to look for the Laborer Brothers?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "You two know them as well?"

"Of course, we know them really well." Little Wang said, "They're really popular online. It was around the end of last year when a passerby recorded a video of them and put it up on the Internet, which ended up going viral. That song was especially touching. I heard that a lot of people came from afar just to listen to them sing. They've been calling them the Laborer Brothers. In terms of laborers, the two of them are the most well-known. But I wonder why they're still working at the construction site?"

Ha Qiqi said, "That's because their singing is not up to standard. Do you think everyone can sing as well as Director Zhang? Just listen to them. Even though they're not singing out of tune and have quite an alright vocalization technique, would it be proper to describe it as an earth-shattering performance? Is their singing really that exquisite? I really don't think so. We can pick any professional singer, and they would all sing better than them. Besides, they're too lacking in their image as well. If they're thinking of making it in show business? That possibility is too far-fetched."

They continued listening for a while longer.

Little Wang nodded. "You're right. They're really not comparable to pros."

Ha Qiqi said, "Director Zhang, you've heard them too, right? Let's

go. They can't sing your songs, and they're also not popular enough. Right now, you have the entire entertainment circle's performers and singers to pick from."

Zhang Ye chuckled. "But they're who I've picked."

Ha Qiqi said, "Are you serious?"

"Little Wang, go approach them," Zhang Ye instructed.

Little Wang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "You're sure about this?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Of course! Why else would I come all the way here for? Do you think that I have a lot of time on my hands?"

The Spring Festival Gala has been too routine in recent years. Other than celebrities, it was still celebrities. Other than big name performers, it was still big name performers. It seemed to suggest that only they could support the stage of the Spring Festival Gala. It was as though the audience would only recognize them. Actually, that wasn't how things worked. They simply could not understand how powerful it was to subvert expectations.

So what if they were laborers?

So what if they didn't have the looks?

So what if they weren't professional singers?

Their voices could still be just as impressive!

At the site.

Zhang Guang and Zhang Fang sat down for their break. Both of them had not eaten breakfast yet and wiped their hands before picking up a large bun each and pairing it with some pickled vegetables, chewing on the food. They changed their lifestyle much ever since they became famous.

Their coworkers were chatting with them.

"The Spring Festival Gala is almost here."

"Yeah, I heard that they're still selecting the performers."

"Zhang Guang, Zhang Fang, it would be great if you two could get on the Spring Festival Gala."

"That would really cheer us up as well!"

Zhang Guang gave a wry smile as he waved it off. "Us two brothers are just singing for fun, so how could we possibly dare to think of getting onto the Spring Festival Gala's stage?"

Zhang Fang chewed on his bun and whined, "I wish I could though."

Zhang Guang rolled his eyes. "Stop dreaming."

Zhang Fang snorted, then simpered, "We have to have dreams."

In the distance, a pretty girl came walking over.

The workers looked over.

"Eh?"

"It's someone from the city?"

"She must be here to listen to Zhang Guang and Zhang Fang sing."

No one found this strange.

Little Wang walked up to them. "Are you Teacher Zhang Guang and Teacher Zhang Fang?"

Zhang Guang hurriedly put down his bun and stood up. "We're not teachers, we're not teachers."

Zhang Fang was also taken aback by this term of address.

Little Wang said, "Hello, I am from the Central TV Spring Festival Gala production team. We would like to invite both of you teachers to take part in the Spring Festival Gala this year. Would you be interested?"

They were stunned silly!

The other workers present were dumbfounded as well!

Zhang Guang exclaimed, "Ah?"

Zhang Fang did not believe it. "Us? On the Spring Festival Gala?"

Little Wang smiled. "That's right."

Zhang Guang furiously waved his hands and said, "That's impossible, impossible."

Zhang Fang said, "Are you teasing us?"

Little Wang said, "Come with me to the car and you'll understand."

Some of their coworkers cautioned them.

"Don't go! She must be lying!"

"Yeah, you two might get sold off and still be clueless as to how it happened."

"Yeah, there are a lot of scammers in the city these days."

"You must not get into the car!"

The group of them nearly surrounded Little Wang!

A scammer?

Sell them both off?

Little Wang nearly fainted. You two are rugged, grown men. Who would possibly want to buy you two!

Zhang Ye, who was inside the car, was quite amused. He opened the car door and got out, saying, "Little Wang, I only asked you to do a simple task, but look at this efficacy of yours."

Little Wang said anxiously, "You can't blame me for that, Director Zhang. They don't trust me."

Zhang Ye said with a grin, "That's because you look like a bad guy."

Little Wang got angry.

Ha Qiqi also got out of the car in laughter.

An uproar occurred at the construction site!

Zhang Ye!

It was Zhang Ye!

The executive director of this year's Spring Festival Gala!

Zhang Guang and Zhang Fang were stunned!

At this point, their coworkers should surely know that this was for real even if they were idiots. These people were really from Central TV!

"Alright, let me say it." Zhang Ye looked at the two brothers. "Do you wish to go on the Spring Festival Gala?"

Zhang Guang's eyes reddened. "Yes! We wish to!"

Zhang Fang also stared with wide eyes as he nodded furiously.

Zhang Ye said, "Alright then, I've got a song here. If the two of you can perfect it before the Spring Festival Gala's second approval session, I'll leave a slot open for the two of you on this year's gala."

Zhang Guang was so excited that he almost went crazy. "Thank you! Thank you!"

Zhang Fang said, "We, we'll definitely sing it well! Definitely!"

Zhang Ye said, "During this time, there will definitely be a need to practice, go to the approval session, and attend the rehearsals. As such, from now until Lunar New Year's Eve, the two of you might not exactly have much time to work. I'll say this first. The appearance pay for the Spring Festival Gala is not much, probably amounting to only several thousand yuan. So if you two have any difficulties or requests, please let me know in advance. I can help you to handle the issue in private. Be it if you need assistance in your daily lives or financial help, it's all fine with me."

Zhang Guang and Zhang Fang immediately looked at one another.

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "Just speak. You don't have to stand on ceremony with Director Zhang."

Zhang Guang said hesitatingly, "We don't lack any money, we have enough to use."

Zhang Ye said, "What about any other difficulties? You can request anything you want."

Zhang Fang said, "Anything?"

Zhang Guang tugged at him.

Zhang Ye nodded. "Yes, anything is fine."

Zhang Fang cautiously said, "I'm really gonna say it then?"

"Go ahead." Zhang Ye grinned.

Zhang Fang suddenly said, "Can you send me a work dedication card of fortune?"

"What?" Zhang Ye sounded like he had misheard.

Zhang Fang quickly said, "I can use the prosperity and strength fortune card to trade for it!"

Zhang Ye was floored!

Little Wang giggled, "Pfft!"

Ha Qiqi was speechless.

Those five rip-off cards of fortune had even made its way to the laborers and the construction sites?

Chapter 1321: The Disabled People's Performing Art Troupe!

Later that afternoon.

At 2 PM.

In the car, Zhang Ye was looking at the new program list in his hand as he and his team rushed off to the next location.

"Have you informed them?"

"Yes, we've informed them already."

"Alright, then let's hurry over."

"Are we selecting the dance acts this time?"

"Yes, there's a dance act that I lack performers for."

"Weren't those dancers at the first approval session pretty good? They're the best of the best in the entire country."

"They're not good enough."

"Uh, alright then."

...

At the China National Ethnic Song and Dance Ensemble.

The dance troupe was in chaos. People were running all over the place and shuffling could be heard everywhere. It looked like there was a lot of activity going on.

"Where's Team Two?"

"Hurry up!"

"Where's the coach?"

"Call Little Zhou over here!"

"Team Three's members, step forward!"

"All of you, look more spirited. The people from the Spring

Festival Gala production team will be here very soon!"

The Spring Festival Gala production team was coming over to do a selection. As they had just received the notification, they were completely unprepared. After catching wind of the news, the ensemble's general manager immediately called for an emergency meeting and was extremely concerned about the news. Everyone was instructed to fully cooperate with the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee. The assistant general manager, Sun Jie, soon received the orders and assured the leader that they would definitely get their members onto the stage of the Spring Festival Gala this year!

Their original act had been canceled after the first approval session!

This was their one and only chance!

Sun Jie was busy commanding the place, shouting, "Everyone, listen up. This is the last chance for our dance troupe to get on the Spring Festival Gala. Everyone has practiced for so long, and it's finally time for our big test today. All of you had better give 110% to secure a place in the gala!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Yes, Manager Sun!"

"We will definitely complete our task!"

Everyone replied loudly and energetically.

Only one team, which was standing on the sidelines, did not make a sound.

This team's coach was called Qi Xiaomei. She was also feeling very anxious. Seeing the anticipating looks of those girls behind her, she clenched her teeth and quietly pulled several of them to the front.

As a result, they got noticed by Sun Jie. "Teacher Qi, what are you doing?"

Qi Xiaomei bit the bullet and said, "W-We would also like to—"

"Aiya, that's enough. Stop causing more trouble," Sun Jie said, waving her off. "Stand farther in the back. Where's Team Five? Team Five, step forward. Where are my little ladies? Why are you all still posing around at a time like this? This is the Spring Festival Gala, the largest stage in the country!"

Team Five's members squeezed forward.

"Please make way."

"Teacher Qi, can you move further back?"

Qi Xiaomei and her team were pushed to the back. They stood in the corner, feeling very anxious.

Several of the girls kept signing to her with their hands.

Qi Xiaomei bit her bottom lip and signed back to them.

When the girls saw, they bowed their heads in despair.

Then someone started shouting.

"They're here!"

"They've arrived!"

"The Spring Festival Gala production team is here!"

Sun Jie composed herself and led the dance troupe's coaches over to welcome them.

Qi Xiaomei tiptoed over and looked forward. The children standing behind her also did the same, but they couldn't see a thing. They were standing in a location too out of the way.

Across the room.

Zhang Ye, Ha Qiqi, and Little Wang came in.

Sun Jie smiled as she stretched out her hand. "Director Zhang,

I've heard so much about you. I am the assistant general manager of the National Ethnic Song and Dance Ensemble, and I head the dance troupe around here."

Zhang Ye smiled and shook her hand. "Hello, Manager Sun, you've worked hard."

Sun Jie said, "Oh no, it's nothing, just doing my job."

Zhang Ye looked with some doubt at the people standing behind her. "And these?"

"Oh, they are our dance troupe's teams, the very best of the best," Sun Jie rattled off. "These are the young men and women of Team One. Their average age is 22, and they're the best in the country in terms of their physical fitness and condition. They've won first in many of the major national competitions and also performed overseas before. Teacher Wang, what are you still standing there for? Go on and show our leaders from the Spring Festival Gala production team what you girls are capable of!"

Teacher Wang ordered, "Get ready!"

The young men and women of Team One started dancing.

Elegance.

Agility.

They completed their dance in one go.

Sun Jie smiled and said, "What do you think, Director Zhang?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "They're pretty good, but—"

"We still have Team Two!" Sun Jie said at once. "Team Two is more adept at classical dances!"

When Team Two's coach clapped her hands, a group of dancers behind her began performing. The music and dance were very gentle and beautiful.

Ha Qiqi was amazed and astonished.

Little Wang had also had her eyes opened to something new.

Assistant General Manager Sun was right. They were indeed the elites of China.

Their figures?

Strength?

Demeanor?

Flexibility?

There was nothing to pick on!

Team Three...

Team Four...

Team Five...

At the request of Assistant General Manager Sun, the teams showcased their dance routines one by one.

Qi Xiaomei was getting really anxious. She kept stamping her feet, wanting to push her way to the front. However, she didn't dare.

Another group had finished their dance routine.

Sun Jie asked, "Director Zhang, how was it?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "They're all great, fantastic, even."

Sun Jie said, "Then which team did you like most?"

Zhang Ye paused for a moment before saying, "Are there any others?"

"There are," Sun Jie quickly answered. "Team Eight and Nine have yet to perform. But the children on those teams are new here and not old enough yet, and then there's also the backup team—"

Suddenly, Zhang Ye looked towards an inconspicuous corner. "What about those girls over there?"

Hearing that, Sun Jie was startled. "Them? Oh, they are the

disabled people's dance team."

Ha Qiqi was taken aback. "Disabled?"

Sun Jie acknowledged, "Yes, they're deaf-mutes."

Little Wang said in amazement, "The deaf and mute can also dance? But how do they that when they can't hear the music?"

Sun Jie smiled and said, "That's something you don't know about. We have a coach who signals them from offstage every time the music comes on. When the children see the signals, they'll know when to perform which movements. All of this is only possible through years of training."

Ha Qiqi said in surprise, "Even that can be done?"

Sun Jie said, "Of course. These girls might look young, but they've actually been part of the ensemble for many years. The youngest one is already 20 years old. It's just a shame that their physical condition is not as good as the others." She continued, "Director Zhang, shall I get Team Eight's members to show you their dance?"

But Zhang Ye kept looking at those deaf-mute girls. "Can you let them show me their dance?"

"You're curious about how they manage to dance, right? Sure, no problem." Sun Jie said, "Teacher Qi, why don't you all put on a little performance for Director Zhang?"

Qi Xiaomei got excited at the mention. "But the music, Manager Sun?"

Sun Jie said impatiently, "There's no need for the music. Just a simple routine is enough."

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "We're just curious, sorry to trouble you."

"It's no trouble, no trouble at all." Qi Xiaomei inhaled and quickly turned around and signed to the young women.

It's finally our turn!

Go for it!

Kids, do your best!

Qi Xiaomei was silently cheering in her head.

In a flash, the dozen-odd girls broke out into a dance.

Qi Xiaomei gave them a signal.

Five of the children separated from the group.

Qi Xiaomei gave them a different signal.

The girls on the other side performed a movement in a magically uniform motion!

This was the first time that Little Wang was seeing deaf-mute people dance. It was very eye-opening to her.

Ha Qiqi was enjoying the performance very much.

Only Zhang Ye stayed silent throughout as he stared unblinkingly at each of them. He was watching their every move, looking at each for a very long time.

The dance ended.

Qi Xiaomei put her hands down.

The dozen-odd deaf-mute dancers stood still and looked at Zhang Ye.

Sun Jie smile and said, "That's roughly how they do it, by depending on the signals given by Teacher Qi. Alright, Director Zhang, shall I get Team Eight and Nine onto the stage then? You can slowly pick after that. There's a lot of good young talent amongst them."

Qi Xiaomei looked disappointed.

The dozen-odd girls bowed their heads in dismay.

But Zhang Ye laughed. "That won't be necessary, Manger Sun. I

already have a decision in mind."

Sun Jie's eyes lit up. She said, "Oh? Which team is it? Team One? Or Team Two? It's fine, pick whoever you prefer. We'll surely do our best to cooperate." She turned her head and called for those from Team One and Two to come over.

Qi Xiaomei's team had once again been pushed to the back.

Qi Xiaomei bit her bottom lip.

But the next thing that happened stunned everyone!

Zhang Ye strode forward and went past the crowd. He walked in front of the deaf-mute dancers. "Are you the coach? How do I address you?"

Qi Xiaomei was stunned. "I-I'm Qi Xiaomei."

Zhang Ye smiled and nodded. "Hello, Teacher Qi. I have a dance here that is already choreographed with a piece of music, and the costumes are also readily available. I would like to give the dance to your team. If you can practice this dance until I'm satisfied, I'll leave a spot for them on this year's Spring Festival Gala!"

Stunned!

Everyone was stunned!

Sun Jie said dumbfoundedly, "Director Zhang, we have more suitable teams for your—"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "There isn't anyone more suitable than them."

"But their physical conditions are much better than—" Sun Jie said.

Zhang Ye repeated, "I want them!"

Little Wang hesitated. "Director Zhang, you—"

Zhang Ye cut her off. "Don't try to convince me. The choreography for my dance only suits them." He looked at Qi

Xiaomei and said, "Teacher Qi, there isn't much time left. Do you think you guys can do it?"

Qi Xiaomei covered her mouth as tears welled up. "Yes! We can do it! We can do it!" she sobbed. "Thank you! Thank you!"

The deaf-mute girls did not understand.

What was going on?

Why was Teacher Qi crying?

Upon that realization, the girls hurriedly signed to Teacher Qi to ask her.

Qi Xiaomei immediately signed a long sequence back, her hands trembling!

The dozen-odd girls were stunned!

It's us?

Us?

Director Zhang chose us?

We've been chosen...to perform at the Spring Festival Gala?!

Six or seven girls broke down into tears!

Another three girls screamed and ran over to hug Qi Xiaomei!

"Wu wu wu!"

"Ah wu!"

"Ah woo!"

They couldn't speak and were making unintelligible sounds!

Sobs!

Shouts!

Hugs!

Jumping for joy!

The sight was very touching!

Qi Xiaomei hugged the children and cried loudly. She said loudly, "You girls are the best! I knew it! I knew that you were the best!"

Eight years of hard work!

Eight years of waiting!

Eight years of looking forward to this!

They finally managed to get onto the stage of the Spring Festival Gala after waiting for so long!

...

Zhang Ye left as he still had other acts to finalize.

Leaving behind Sun Jie and the group of dance troupe members and making them confused.

Why?

Why was it them?

Some people were envious!

Some were jealous!

Some sighed in disappointment!

Qi Xiaomei and her team were still crying. They were still immersed in the jubilance and were in disbelief at what had just happened!

At this moment, Sun Jie shouted angrily, "What are you all doing! Get out of here!"

Everyone looked at Qi Xiaomei.

Qi Xiaomei got so scared that she quickly dried her tears and dragged her team with her to head outside. "We'll get back to practicing immediately!"

Sun Jie was taken aback. "But this is the practice room, so where are you headed off to, Teacher Qi?"

Qi Xiaomei was used to getting scolded all the time. Hearing that,

she was startled. "Ah?"

Sun Jie glared at all of the other teams' members and said, "I was talking about all of you! What are you all looking at me for! Can't you see that Teacher Qi and her team still need to practice? Standing here and looking at them won't help with that! Hurry up and clear this place for Teacher Qi! Let me say this: Starting from today, whoever dares disturb Teacher Qi and her team from practicing will be kicked out by me personally! Starting today, all activities in the dance troupe will center around Teacher Qi and her team!"

Everyone was dumbfounded!

Qi Xiaomei was also stunned!

Sun Jie walked over and patted Qi Xiaomei on her shoulder amiably. "Teacher Qi, well done. Your team did very well. I knew that you girls would definitely make it!"

The members of Team One and Two were nearly in tears.

Damn!

How did you change your attitude so quickly!

Chapter 1322: The one and only successor to the art of cross-gender acting!

In the evening.

Night had fallen.

At a theater, some performances were currently going on. It was the end of the year, and more and more of such performances were everywhere. The audience was mainly made up of the common folks, and entry fares were not expensive.

The car came to a stop.

Zhang Ye, Ha Qiqi, and Little Wang got out.

Ha Qiqi wondered, "What is this place?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Little Wang, go buy three tickets."

Little Wang complied and went to purchase the tickets.

The ticket booth's window was already closed.

The employee saw her and said, "The performances began half an hour ago."

Little Wang took out money. "Are there still any seats left?"

"Well, we do still have some seats," the employee said.

Little Wang said, "Then please give me three tickets. It's fine even if the performances have already begun."

The employee hesitated for a moment. "Alright, as long as you guys don't mind."

With the tickets in hand, the three of them entered the theater.

This was one of Beijing's largest theaters. However, to someone like Zhang Ye and those around him who were accustomed to seeing much bigger events, such a stage was still comparatively small. It was so small that even if anyone were to offer them free

tickets, they wouldn't have come.

In the back row.

The three of them found an isolated spot to sit.

There were many seats in the theater, but it was only half-filled.

Ha Qiqi asked, "Director Zhang, talents can even be found in a small place like this?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Maybe."

Little Wang asked doubtfully, "If it were anyone capable, they surely wouldn't come here to perform, would they?"

Zhang Ye said, "That's why we'll have to review it first. I'll only believe what my eyes tell me."

Ha Qiqi and Little Wang said nothing else. They knew that Zhang Ye wouldn't bring them here for no reason. He had to have someone in mind.

There was a lot happening onstage.

The audience members were chewing on melons seeds and shouting while watching.

Two-people rotation.

Crosstalk.

Singing.

All kinds of performances were lined up.

The performances at such theaters usually wouldn't last for very long. When Zhang Ye's group arrived, half the performances had been co. The acts followed one after another. Soon, they arrived at the finale performance.

The performer came out onto the stage!

When this performer appeared, the entire audience became very lively.

"Gao Xiliang is here!"

"He's here, he's appeared!"

"Haha, I was waiting only to see him!"

"Show us something good!"

There were whistles!

And screams!

The audience was laughing heartily after waiting so long for this performance to begin.

On the stage was an actor dressed as a woman. Wearing a classical dance costume, he started dancing. He even recited a poem in a woman's voice!

"The great Yangtze gushes east,

"Sweeping away heroes of times past.

"West of the ancient fort,

"They say, is Zhou Yu's Red Cliffs of Three Kingdoms' fame.

"Jagged rocks pierce the sky,

"Massive waves pound the shore,

"Churning up thousands of snowdrifts of foam.

"The land, pretty as a picture,

"Once the locale of countless a hero!"

It even ended with some light singing at the end.

This was Zhang Ye's poem, but the melody was composed by the actor himself.

Little Wang was shocked. "Gao Xiliang?"

Ha Qiqi also knew him. "That cross-gender celebrity? I remember that he's a D-list celebrity, but this man is a very controversial figure."

Gao Xiliang. A domestic D-list celebrity. Such celebrities were a dime a dozen in the entertainment circle. There might not be a thousand of them, but there were definitely at least 3 to 500 of them. However, to the common folk, it was actually very worthwhile for them to come to such a theater to watch a small-time D-list celebrity perform. This was also the reason why the organizers had designated Gao Xiliang's act as the final performance.

The audience watched as they chatted.

"He really looks like a woman."

"Heh, he's so androgynous."

"This cross-gender act is pretty boring."

"Yeah, wouldn't it be better to get a real woman to come here and dance?"

"Haha, I actually quite enjoyed it."

"What do you think he stuffed in his chest?"

Some people were relished watching the act.

Some people were scornful of the performance.

Some people were constantly laughing.

Only Zhang Ye did not blink as he paid attention to the performance very seriously.

Every move and action.

Every frown and smile.

They were all exactly like how a woman would behave.

Even Zhang Ye was pretty shaken by it.

Little Wang suddenly said, "Isn't he similar to Qian Pingfan from The Voice?"

Zhang Ye couldn't help but shake his head. How could you people

understand? How are they the same? Qian Pingfan only had a childish voice that sounded feminine. But from head to toe, there was no hint of cross-gender. But this man standing in front of them was the real thing! He was a true master at it!

I've finally found you!

...

The performance ended.

Backstage.

Gao Xiliang was removing his makeup.

His wife, Zhao Ke, who was also his agent, helped him pack his stage costume. She asked, "About the Beijing TV Spring Festival Gala, did you receive an answer yet? Did you get selected?"

Gao Xiliang stayed silent.

Zhao Ke asked, "You got rejected, didn't you?"

Gao Xiliang answered her with a sigh.

Zhao Ke clenched her teeth. "Why don't you try approaching Liaoning TV?"

Gao Xiliang answered evenly, "I've already done that, but there was no response from them."

"Old Gao." Zhao Ke looked at him heartbroken. "You've worked hard for so long and been scolded for as many years. Can you really continue down this path?"

Gao Xiliang pondered for a moment. "I don't know."

"Then you—"

"But this is what I love doing."

"You're saying that again. You love it, but who will love you? You've been learning the art for over a decade and started acting in cross-gender roles since you were young. You and your teacher have put in so much hard work, but look at what that resulted in."

The audience still can't accept it." Zhao Ke's eyes reddened. "Old Gao, why not—why not just forget it? I-I really can't watch you getting scolded by others anymore!"

Gao Xiliang said with a sinking voice, "Ever since Teacher passed away, the only successor left is me. If I quit too, who will be responsible for handing down this art form? Little Ke, I cannot retire from this. Otherwise, this art form is finished!" He paused. "I'll try again. I'll try for Tianjin TV's Spring Festival Gala."

Zhao Ke said, "You already tried asking them last year, and the year before that!"

Gao Xiliang hesitated. "Perhaps it might work out this year."

The door wasn't closed and someone entered at this moment.

That person was wearing a pair of sunglasses. "You don't need to go to the Tianjin TV Spring Festival Gala anymore."

Gao Xiliang looked at him suspiciously. "You are?"

Zhao Ke also frowned and looked at him. "What are you implying?" She often complained about her husband too, but wouldn't stand for anyone who looked down on him. "What do you mean by there's no need to go to the Tianjin TV Spring Festival Gala anymore?" Are you saying that Old Gao is not good enough for them? Who do you think you are? We're talking amongst ourselves here; what business is it of yours? Do you think we need you to give us advice?" she spoke fiercely.

Gao Xiliang stopped her and said, "Little Ke, what's gotten into you?"

Zhao Ke said angrily, "This man is crazy. He's too nosy!"

Zhang Ye got showered with scolding and didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He adjusted his wording and said, "I was saying, there's no need to go to the Tianjin TV Spring Festival Gala anymore." He looked at Gao Xiliang. "Would you like to try for the Central TV Spring Festival Gala instead?"

Gao Xiliang was startled!

Zhao Ke was stunned!

Central TV's Spring Festival Gala?

Who are you?

Who do you think you are?

Zhang Ye removed his sunglasses.

Zhao Ke instantly let out a scream!

Gao Xiliang shot out of his seat. "Director, Director Zhang?!"

Both of them were dumbfounded!

Tongue-tied and slack-jawed!

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "So do you want to come on the Central TV Spring Festival Gala?"

Gao Xiliang shouted at once, "I do! I do!"

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright then, come look for me at Central TV tomorrow. I have an act to give you."

Zhang Ye turned and left.

Gao Xiliang stood in the same spot in surprise, unable to move!

Zhao Ke covered her mouth in shock, then kneeled down and started crying!

Heavens!

The Spring Festival Gala!

The day that Old Gao had been waiting for had finally arrived!

It had finally arrived!

Chapter 1323: What sort of a Spring Festival Gala will it be this year!

At night.

In the office of the Spring Festival Gala production team.

After Zhang Ye returned, the news started spreading.

"What?"

"A deaf-mute dance troupe?"

"Laborer singers?"

"A cross-gender actor?"

"Wh-What's with all of these performers?"

"What is Director Zhang thinking?"

"Yeah, just what kind of acts are in this new program list?"

"They won't do. How can we possibly have it like that!"

"That's right. This...this program list is too casual!"

When the new program list was first released, everyone was very excited. No one had expected Zhang Ye to finish planning it within a night. But when they learned about the performers that Zhang Ye had invited, everyone felt like puking blood. They felt that these choices weren't even as good as those that were rejected during the first approval session!

The leaders were alarmed!

The executives on the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee couldn't sit still any longer!

Over there, Zhang Ye was just leading some people from the production team to check on the progress of the stage. Before they could get there, they were stopped by some executives on the organizing committee.

...

Not far from them.

The Naval Song and Dance Troupe were rehearsing. They were the star act of the Spring Festival Gala and had appeared on its stage almost every year. But this year, they had encountered a problem. After the first approval session had left the status of all the acts hanging, the coach, Liu Dazhi, became very anxious. They only managed to secure another meeting to put a new act up for approval by the Spring Festival Gala's production team after approaching many of their contacts.

But unexpectedly, Zhang Ye was also here!

And there were also executives on the organizing committee!

From behind, a group of young ladies and men were getting excited!

"Quickly look!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"What are they talking about?"

"Why aren't they walking over here anymore?"

Among them, the most excited person was a young lady.

She was not old and was probably around 20 years of age.

It was Teacher Zhang!

It was him in the flesh!

Hu Die's eyes were staring straight ahead. She wanted to run up to Zhang Ye to have a closer look at him more than anything!

She really liked Zhang Ye very much. From the time before Zhang Ye became famous, Hu Die was his fan. Just to catch a glimpse of Zhang Ye, she had spent the money that she had worked so hard at saving to buy a last-row ticket from a scalper to attend the King of Masked Singers' concert. When she saw Zhang Ye

singing in the rain, she even got so emotional that she cried.

After she learned that Zhang Ye had been appointed as the Spring Festival Gala's executive director, Little Hu Die decided that she must definitely get on the Spring Festival Gala as well. She went to plead with the teachers and leaders to bring her along with them. But as her standard was not up to par, and she couldn't compare with her brothers and sisters in the troupe, she did not manage to go to the first approval session. As such, Hu Die cried to herself under her bedsheets for an entire night when it happened.

However, she didn't expect that there could be a turnaround. The Naval Song and Dance Troupe did not pass their first approval session and the leaders had to make last-minute changes to the act for their reattempt. They lacked several dancers for this revised act, so Hu Die went about doing favors just to be considered for a role. She brought food for the teachers and washed clothes for the troupe's brothers and sisters. In the end, she managed to get a chance to be included for a role. And now that they had arrived at Central TV, she actually got to see Zhang Ye as well. They were only 50 meters apart, and this was the closest to him that she had ever gotten!

She felt so fortunate!

Hu Die was getting a little overwhelmed!

The coach, Liu Dazhi, whisper-shouted, "What are you all doing! Where is your organizational discipline? Little Hu Die! Look at how you're behaving!"

Hu Die said, "They're all having a look too. Troupe Leader, why are you always picking on me?"

Liu Dazhi rolled his eyes and said, "You're the only lass who's staring so fixedly!"

"Little Hu Die's eyes were almost popping out."

"Heehee, you little infatuated fool."

"Little Top has become an infatuated fool."

The big brothers and sisters were all teasing her.

Liu Dazhi harrumphed. "Go, stand to the side and start your punishment."

Hu Die pulled a long face. "Again?"

Liu Dazhi said, "You're the worst performer in the troupe. I've already made an exception by bringing you along to let you gain some experience, yet you're still not making the effort to work hard. If I don't punish you, who will I punish?"

Hu Die said aggrieved, "Whatever."

Liu Dazhi said, "If I don't say that you can stop, don't stop."

Hu Die went off to the side with everyone laughing around her. There, she began twisting her body and started turning around and around again—this was the standard punishment of the Naval Song and Dance Troupe. The person being punished would have to turn around in circles until they became dizzy. Not anyone could take such a punishment. Ordinary folks would often lose their balance the moment they spin around ten times. But for these dancers, they would have to last longer than that. Some of them could go on spinning for five minutes, while others might be able to do so for up to ten minutes. Of course, there was also an oddity that existed in the Naval Song and Dance Troupe. And that oddity was Hu Die!

How long could she keep spinning for?

No one knew!

That was because no one had seen her getting dizzy before!

Hu Die was not comparable to the big brothers and sisters of the troupe in all other aspects. Singing? She was only average. Dancing? She was not amazing either. Only in the aspect of taking punishment was she better than everyone else in the entire troupe.

As such, she was given the nickname: Little Top.

Hu Die started twirling in circles on the balls of her feet. Each time she completed a circle, she would take a look at Zhang Ye.

She felt so blessed!

Hu Die was overjoyed!

Liu Dazhi speechlessly shook his head, thinking about how this child was beyond help. Then he instructed the others in a low voice, "Director Zhang is having a discussion over there. When they finish and start walking over, I'll signal with my eyes to all of you so that everyone knows when to start the performance. We have to make the best of it so that we can catch Director Zhang's attention. That would be half the mission completed. Remember, our Naval Song and Dance Troupe must make it onto the Spring Festival Gala this year as well. Otherwise, none of us will have it good when we get back!"

"Understood."

"We know."

"Don't worry about it, Coach."

...

The discussion over there ended.

Zhang Ye finally convinced the executives of the organizing committee.

An official from the Ministry of Culture said, "Alright then, we'll see how everything goes during the second approval session."

Another executive gave a bitter smile and said, "Director Zhang, these are the only three concessions we can make. If the acts don't have a great effect, they will definitely be rejected."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Trust me on it."

They talked as they walked.

Liu Dazhi quickly gave the wink!

The troupe members immediately began performing!

A female executive asked, "So far, there are only three acts that have been firmed up?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged and said, "I already have in mind the candidates for the other acts. I'll gather them up within three days and put them through rehearsals."

Ha Qiqi was distracted by something.

Zhang Zuo looked across to the front.

An executive on the organizing committee said, "Is this a rehearsal?"

Another executive said, "They're people from the Naval Song and Dance Troupe, aren't they?"

Zhang Ye seemed to have noticed and was momentarily stunned as he stopped in his tracks.

The other people also gradually stopped in their tracks and watched the troupe's performance.

Liu Dazhi was silently cheered up by that. They were successful at catching their attention.

Hu Die also got excited at this. She wanted to stop turning so that she could rejoin the group of big brothers and sisters in their dance. But when she remembered the instructions of her coach, she could only carry on with her punishment. She was in pure anxiety. Teacher Zhang saw us! He saw us! Heavens! Can I stop spinning already! There goes my image!

Eh?

Is Teacher Zhang looking at me?

No, no, that must be an illusion!

Assistant Director Zhang Zuo asked, "Coach Liu, are you

rehearsing?"

Liu Dazhi hurriedly came over. "Yes, we've arranged a new dance for our act and would like to show it to the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee executives. We're hoping that they could reexamine our act and consider us for the gala?"

The official from the Ministry of Culture was amused as he pointed to the side. "Why is there someone standing away from the group? And her movements are different from the others too?"

When Liu Dazhi turned to look, he nearly blew up in anger. He went over and whispered, "Aiyo, my young lady, why are you still spinning for! Stop, stop!"

Hu Die came to a stop. Her breathing was still very even, and she was not even panting.

Liu Dazhi said in embarrassment, "I was just punishing her for earlier."

Ha Qiqi said with interest, "Your troupe's punishment is pretty unique."

"Haha, it's normal, it's normal." Liu Dazhi laughed it off.

The troupe's dance finally ended.

But Zhang Ye did not seem interested at all. His eyes were still on that person standing in the corner. When the dancers came to a stop, Zhang Ye suddenly asked, "You there, what's your name?"

You?

Who are you asking?

Everyone looked to their left and right.

Hu Die had a startled expression on her face. She pointed at herself. "Me?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Yeah, you."

Hu Die got all excited and nearly fainted. "Me...My name is Hu

Die!"

Oh my God!

Teacher Zhang has spoken to me!

Zhang Ye asked again, "How long did you spin for just now?"

Hu Die said excitedly, "I spun for ten minutes?"

Zhang Ye asked, "How long can you spin for?"

Hu Die blushed. "Me? I can spin for however long I want to spin!"

Liu Dazhi hurriedly intervened and said, "Don't listen to her bragging. In the past when she was punished, the longest she went on spinning for was three hours. We didn't allow her to spin any longer than that."

The production team's people were dumbfounded.

"Three hours?"

"That amazing?"

"Is everyone from your troupe able to spin for so long?"

Liu Dazhi said nervously, "How can that be possible? In the entire troupe, only she can do that. The others wouldn't even last past 10 minutes of spinning. This lass seems to be born without a sense of vertigo. But other than spinning, she's no good at everything else."

Hearing that, Hu Die shyly bowed her head.

You freaking Old Liu!

Freaking Old Liu!

Why are you always putting me down!

But at this moment, Zhang Ye said something surprising, "Four hours, can you spin for that long?"

Hu Die was stunned. "—I can."

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright, then I'll see you at the second approval session. I'll leave an act for you to perform."

The entire venue burst into an uproar!

"What?"

"Director Zhang!"

"What's the meaning of this?"

"Ah?"

Everyone was stunned!

Liu Dazhi's jaw dropped!

Hu Die was dumbfounded. "Me?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes."

Hu Die stared with wide eyes. "I'm going to the Spring Festival Gala?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes."

"I...Who will I be a backup dancer to?"

"You're not going to be a backup dancer. The entire act is for you alone."

Hu Die said in shock, "What act is it?"

Zhang Ye said matter-of-factly, "Spinning in circles, of course!"

When they heard this, everyone who was present was floored!

Spinning in circles?

How is spinning in circles even an act?

Can you fucking stop kidding me?

The few executives of the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee could hardly breathe. "Director Zhang, you...this—Aiyo, we are going to wash our hands of this. Just do whatever you like!" The executives were driven off in anger!

The remaining people looked at Hu Die in awe.

Liu Dazhi's face swirled with a mix of emotions!

Her big brothers and sisters in the troupe were speechless!

Why was it Little Top?

Why did she get chosen out of all people?

Unbeknownst to them, the Spring Festival Gala production team members were even more horrified!

What a weirdo!

What kind of fucking wondrous acts are these!

Of the numerous singers there are, you found two laborers instead?

Of so many dance troupes out there, you had to choose a deaf-mute group?

Of so many actors around, you had to find a cross-gender actor?

Of all the dancers available, you looked for someone who could only spin around in circles?

The Spring Festival Gala's production team members were utterly confused!

Christ on a bike!

What sort of a Spring Festival Gala will it be this year!

Chapter 1324: 40 acts are lined up!

The executives on the organizing committee who had been driven away in anger did not know what else they could say.

"What kinds of acts are these?"

"He can even make an act out of spinning in circles? How would that even be watchable?"

"What the heck is Director Zhang thinking?"

"He's always been someone who doesn't do things according to common sense!"

"Let's see how the second approval session goes. If it doesn't work out, we'll just cut them!"

"Do you even need to see how it will go? It's definitely not going to work out. And by the time we cut the acts, it will definitely not just be one or two of them. It's definitely going to be a mass cut, hai."

If it were someone else?

If it were another director who did this?

They would have intervened much earlier on. In fact, they would probably have even lost their temper at that director!

But when faced with Zhang Ye, they found it more difficult to use harsh words on him. Even if they didn't do it for the sake of the monk, they'd have to do it for the sake of the Buddha. Who could afford to not spare Wu Zeqing some face?

"Why don't we bring this up to Chief Wu first?"

"I'll see what Chief Wu's attitude on this matter is."

One of them immediately called her.

Du du du.

The call connected.

"Hello, Chief Wu."

"Oh, it's Chief Zhao."

"I hope I didn't disturb your rest at this hour."

"It's fine, I haven't slept yet."

"About the acts for the Spring Festival Gala, we've met with some problems. What I would like to ask is—"

"Hur hur, but the Spring Festival Gala isn't under my jurisdiction, right? You're the executives of the organizing committee, so I'm sure you can discuss it amongst yourselves."

"You're the SARFT's leader, so how can we skip over you, right?"

"Aren't Chief He and Director Liu already representing the SARFT on the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee? Besides, you should also be aware that the executive director of the Spring Festival Gala is my husband. Wouldn't I have to steer clear of this matter?"

"But the issue is that there is a lot of controversy surrounding the acts."

"Wasn't there a new list of acts drawn up for the gala?"

"It's the new acts that have an issue."

"Old Zhao, if you're asking me in my official capacity, I'd still say the same thing as I did before. This matter is not under my jurisdiction, so I won't offer any opinion on it. But if you're telling me this in my personal capacity, then I can only tell you that I understand what my husband is like. He might handle things in a rather odd way, but he has never disappointed before, has he? I believe in his judgment. If he thinks that a certain act will be good, then it will definitely be good."

Do things in a rather odd way?

Was this odd?

It was more like bizarre, alright!

Chief Zhao could only shake his head helplessly with a laugh.
"Alright, I understand."

From those few words alone, even though Wu Zeqing said that she had to steer clear of the matter and that it wasn't under her jurisdiction, she was actually giving her utmost support to her husband.

Hai, forget it.

They could only wait until the second approval session was held.

...

In the next few days.

He scheduled the acts into the lineup one by one.

The script for each act was written by Zhang Ye.

...

The fifth act.

Zhang Ye called Chen Guang and Fan Wenli.

"Hello, Director Zhang?"

"Old Chen, do come for the second approval session."

"Me and Wenli?"

"Yes."

"I was just waiting to hear these words of yours. What kind of act will it be?"

"It will still be singing, but I'll need you to sing a different song. I'll contribute a track for it."

"Haha, that'll be great. It's our gain then."

...

The eighth act.

Zhang Ye made a video call to Zhang Yuanqi.

"Old Zhang, are you back in the country yet?"

"I just came back yesterday."

"Do you know how to play the piano?"

"I do, but I haven't played for a very long time. I'm afraid that I'll be out of practice."

"That's fine, the song isn't difficult."

"Then I guess it's not a problem."

"Good, then I'll leave an act for you on the Spring Festival Gala."

"What act is it?"

"It's definitely a good act, so don't you worry."

"Sure."

...

The 15th act.

"Hello, how's the progress of that matter I asked about regarding the family of three?"

"We've already found them, Director Zhang."

"Are they Mongolian?"

"Yes, it's a couple who're both Mongolian singers."

"What about the child?"

"The child sings pretty good too."

"Alright, bring them to Beijing and get them practicing immediately."

"Understood."

...

The 27th act.

"Director Zhang, hello."

"Hello."

"You were looking for me?"

"I heard that you're the best magician in the country. I have a few magic tricks here that I wonder if you can perform."

"About that, I'd have to see what the general difficulty of them are."

"I can't tell you about the level of difficulty. After all, I'm not in your line of work. However, I think it'll be pretty challenging. I need someone who can perform this magic trick flawlessly within the month."

"What's the content of the magic performance?"

"I'll come up with something for you."

"I'll give it a try then."

...

The 30th act.

The staff of Ci Xiufang's Studio came over.

"Director Zhang, please approve the skit we wrote."

"Auntie Ci, I really can't."

"Everyone's been preparing for it for three months now."

"That still won't do. The skit might be quite good, but it's still far from being wonderful. For any other station's Spring Festival Gala, I don't care what they do. But on my side, it definitely won't pass. But Auntie Ci, don't worry about that. I didn't say that I won't let you on the show. How about this? I have a skit here that I find especially suitable for you. But I'll need you to find a partner for it. There are some requirements for their appearance and height, though, so do you think you can do it?"

"Yes, pass the script to me."

"Alright."

...

The 40th act.

Zhang Ye called Grandma Zhang Xia.

"Grandma Zhang."

"So is there a place for me at the second approval session?"

"Of course there is. I have a good act that I've kept for you."

"How good is it?"

"It's the last act of the Spring Festival Gala, the finale."

"Who else is there?"

"There will also be veteran singers from the song and dance troupes, and you'll be the one leading them in the song that I've planned to change this year."

"Sure."

...

There were about 40 acts in total for the Spring Festival Gala.

Zhang Ye implemented the acts one by one and followed up on each of them.

Zhang Ye's workload in recent days started increasing as he went around looking for performers to invite onto the show. In between, he still had to take time out to plan the acts, as well as hold meetings with the performers to discuss the scripts. For some of the acts like singing, it wasn't that troublesome to handle since Zhang Ye would only have to fill in the lyrics and compose the tune. Everything else could be left to the professionals, and he only had to make sure that the final product lined up with his requirements.

But for some of the other acts, they were much more difficult to coordinate. For acts like dancing, because Zhang Ye was not a

professional choreographer to begin with, he did not know how to present the idea he had in mind to them. He could only demonstrate to the dancers with actual movements and then correct them afterwards. This process took up too much time. As for the magic and acrobatic performances, which were much more complex, Zhang Ye had plans in mind that he needed to teach to the performers in person and was basically irreplaceable for this task.

Looking for people.

Practicing.

Constructing props.

Setting up the stage.

Preparing the costumes.

One day.

Two days.

Three days.

Zhang Ye was always kept busy until it was pitch-dark out!

It was also the same for the performers. Everyone went into full preparation mode overnight. Zhang Yuanqi turned down all work and refreshed herself on playing the piano. Ci Xiufang's Studio was going through Zhang Ye's skit for them over and over again. The deaf-mute dance troupe basically lived at Central TV's dormitories since they had to verify the dance moves with Zhang Ye every day. Hu Die was also practicing her spinning daily and found that it was very difficult to spin for four hours straight. If she drank too much water, she would often get the urge to go to the bathroom. If she drank too little, she would easily become exhausted with the physical exertion on her body. She kept trying to find a balance.

Everyone was giving their best for the second approval session!

Only two approval sessions were going to be held for this year's

Spring Festival Gala. The second approval session was to confirm the final program list for the Spring Festival Gala. Even though some adjustments were still going to be made during the rehearsal, the changes would not be that major. No one was willing to give up on this chance, and everyone was thinking only of stepping onto this dream stage!

Chapter 1325: The second approval session begins!

Days passed.

The competition was getting intense on the Celebrity Rankings Index.

—A Heavenly King achieved great success at a global new year countdown concert!

—A Heavenly Queen's latest holiday movie's box office earnings reach a new high!

—Another Heavenly King's suspected relationship was exposed but later proven to be a case of mistaken identity!

The end of the year was approaching, and the artists were starting to compete with one another. Sometimes, the ranking of a celebrity at the end of a year would be an indicator of their net worth in the coming year. If they wanted to raise their net worth, endorsement pay, or film commissions, their position on the Celebrity Rankings Index was the most important criteria. The competition amongst the celebrities still boiled down to their popularities overall.

But common folk were still concerned with the changes in the S-list rankings. Since Zhang Ye was making a move to reach the summit, one of those seven S-list celebrities would have to step down. Judging from the packed schedules of the Heavenly Kings and Queens, it could be seen that they were responding to this matter. In fact, their response was very intense too, and this further illustrated that Zhang Ye was truly becoming a threat to them. They were finally unable to sit still. The battle had begun.

In recent days.

A certain Heavenly King's popularity rose again.

A certain Heavenly Queen had reclaimed her spot at the pinnacle of the film industry.

Those seven people had more or less taken another step.

It was the same for Zhang Ye. Wearing the halo of the Spring Festival Gala, a lot of attention was also given to him. Even though he didn't have any new works to speak of, even if he didn't appear in front of the audience, Zhang Ye's popularity still did not drop. In fact, it continued to climb steadily. During this period of time, it was all about the Spring Festival Gala.

Would it be a success?

Or would it be a failure?

Would Zhang Ye be able to reach the summit?

Was there going to be a change in the entertainment circle soon?

All of that would have to depend on this year's Spring Festival Gala!

...

On this day.

It was the day of the second approval session.

The news reports were updated like a bombing run. Some of the news had only just been received by the media. The secrecy surrounding the Spring Festival Gala had always been very high, so it was very difficult for the media to get hold of the latest updates surrounding it.

"The second approval session begins!"

"The Spring Festival Gala's production enters its final stages!"

"Who will be chosen for the finale act?"

"According to a news source, Zhang Yuanqi will be joining the cast of this year's Spring Festival Gala!"

"Major insider news: Zhang Ye redos the program list!"

"Zhang Ye personally plans out over 40 acts for the gala!"

"Will Zhang Ye be able to manage the dance choreographies?"

"Will the magic programs also be personally created by Zhang Ye?"

"After tonight, the final program list for the Spring Festival Gala will be revealed!"

After many of the citizens saw the news, they were scared silly. Like the media, it was the first time they'd heard of such a thing!

"What did they say?"

"Holy fuck!"

"40 acts?"

"Dancing? Singing? Skits? Crosstalks? Magic? Acrobatics?"

"All of them? All of the acts were rewritten by Zhang Ye?"

"Are you kidding me?"

"They must be mistaken, right!"

"Impossible! This is probably fake news, right?"

"Teacher Zhang is planning something again!"

"My titanium dog eyes are blinded! Does it have to be this exciting!"

"They're really playing it big!"

The media turned their attention.

The public was in an uproar.

The industry insiders also expressed their views.

"This is too rash of Director Zhang."

"Yeah, who the heck comes up with all the acts by themselves?"

"He wrote all of the 40 acts by himself? Isn't that too exaggerated?"

"But from another perspective, this shows that the guy is amazing."

"Yeah! Other than him, who would dare to do it like this?"

"Does he know anything about dancing? Why is he even doing the choreography for the dances?"

"Of course he does. Isn't he the founding father of plaza dancing? The version of the dance that the aunties these days are all dancing to for 'Small Apple' and 'The Hottest Ethnic Trend' were all choreographed by him."

"Pfft!"

"Can you even call that a dance?"

"He should just leave those matters to the professionals. Why is he taking on everything himself? Does he feel that of all the dance choreographers and skit writers in the country, no one is better than him?"

The controversy was no small matter.

It was very shocking.

There had never been an executive director who wrote all the acts in any of the previous galas. Just how confident and crazy would a person have to be to do something like that?

...

At Central TV.

The venue of the second approval session.

The main stage was still not fully set up, so they had to use Broadcasting Studio 3 as a temporary venue.

Backstage.

"Teacher Qi, is everything alright?"

"Everything is fine!"

"Have you changed that move we discussed?"

"We've already rehearsed the changes!"

"Alright, I'll leave it to you all then. Big Sis Ci, please don't change the lines, alright?"

"I got it. I tested it after that time and felt that the lines you gave were still better."

"Little Hu Die."

"Here, here, I'm here, Director Zhang."

"Don't you screw up."

"Don't worry. I-I'll definitely complete my task!"

"The second approval session is about to begin. Management will be coming to observe as well, so do your best, everyone!"

Zhang Ye gave his instructions to them one by one. Today was the most crucial day of all, and he was suddenly getting anxious as well. It was make or break. Zhang Ye was also not 100% sure if they would succeed. He had drawn up all the acts and given the performers a chance, so the rest of it would be up to them to perform to their best onstage.

Little Wang ran in and shouted, "Director Zhang, Sister-in-law has arrived."

Backstage, the looks in the eyes of quite few people turned ambiguous.

Zhang Ye coughed. "So what if she has arrived. Why are you shouting that out?"

When he stepped outside, he saw the executives from the management.

Other than the executives on the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee, the officials above them from the Ministry of Culture and the SARFT were also here. Clearly, the negative

news reports about the Spring Festival Gala had unsettled them quite a bit. Someone had probably snitched on them and made the higher-ups worried about the event, leading to this joint inspection of the second approval session's acts. More than a dozen people had come to take part, including the Ministry of Culture's deputy minister and the SARFT's deputy chief.

Wu Zeqing was among them.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Old Wu."

Wu Zeqing also smiled and walked over. "Here, I brought you a jacket."

"Hai, you shouldn't have." Zhang Ye took it from her.

"It's quite cold these days. You should wear more." Wu Zeqing said, "Put this on."

"Alright." Zhang Ye put on the jacket.

Old Wu helped him adjust the collar and then gave him a glance before saying with a smile, "Alright, you look much more spirited this way."

Zhang Ye whispered, "What's with the group of people behind you? Why are they conducting a surprise check? Are they worried about what I'm doing?"

Wu Zeqing said, "Someone has some opinions regarding the acts you've planned. They have objections about the performers that you've invited as well."

Zhang Ye said in amusement, "Alright, then I guess I'll just have to open their eyes today and show them what we have planned."

An executive on the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee called for him.

"Director Zhang."

"Yes?"

"When are we beginning?"

"They're almost ready."

The leaders got seated in the first row.

Ha Qiqi, Zhang Zuo, and a few others anxiously came to look for Zhang Ye.

"Are the acts really going to be OK?" Zhang Zuo asked.

Ha Qiqi said, "I'm not really that confident either."

Zhang Ye said, "We'll have to see how they perform."

The executives were already chattering among themselves.

Deputy Minister Zhou from the Ministry of Culture was the highest ranked official and was seated in the middle.

"The stage is not complete yet?"

"We're almost done."

"Is the program list really not acceptable?"

"Hai, those performers are really somewhat..."

"Then why didn't you all intervene?"

"Director Zhang was very insistent on it. Besides, it's not exactly easy for the organizing committee to intervene either."

"Alright, I understand. Let's have a look at the acts first then. The Spring Festival Gala is an important affair. It's political, so it must not have any flaws. If the acts don't work, then they'll be pulled from the list!"

Deputy Minister Zhou's words set the tone for today's approval session.

It wasn't until when Wu Zeqing came back with a smile on her face that they stopped discussing.

Deputy Minister Zhou had led a team here today for a "surprise attack" to check for problems with the acts. Too many people had

feedback to him regarding the bizarre acts that Zhang Ye had come up with. As for what exactly the problems were, Deputy Minister Zhou did not have any details. However, since so many people had complained about it, he knew that there must be a reason.

He was really curious to see just what kinds of acts they were talking about.

Chapter 1326: The approval board's shock!

At 8 AM.

It was time.

The Spring Festival Gala's second approval session officially began.

Zhang Ye sat down and said, "Send in the singers."

The first approval session was the preliminary selection round, while the second approval session was to confirm the acts. As such, the music and stage effects would all have to be ready. Even if the new stage was not fully ready yet, and the facilities of Broadcasting Studio 3 were not enough to bring out the effects to their fullest extent, they would still have to showcase it. Only then would those on the approval board be given a proper performance to assess it. Other than the absence of hosts, and the acts not being presented in order, it wouldn't be too different from the actual Spring Festival Gala rehearsal.

The first group came out.

It was Chen Guang and Fan Wenli.

The music played and the couple began singing.

Ha Qiqi was nervously clenching her fists.

Zhang Zuo and Little Wang's palms starting to sweat.

Come on!

You two can do it!

"Eh, this song is pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it's quite nice."

"Who wrote the song?"

"Uh, it was written by Director Zhang."

Deputy Minister Zhou lightly nodded.

The second act came out.

A family of three appeared.

Deputy Minister Zhou asked curiously, "I've never seen this family before?"

A person next to him said, "Yes, they're not exactly well-known."

But when the family opened their mouths to sing, many people were startled.

"Eh?"

"This is quite an interesting song!"

"It's pretty nice!"

"The arrangement is really good and its target audience is also quite different."

The executives who had come to watch were unanimously praising it.

The executives of the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee were also extremely surprised!

This isn't right!

It's not supposed to be like this!

Deputy Minister Zhou looked at an executive on the organizing committee and asked, "Isn't this pretty good?"

Director Yang dabbed at his sweat. "The main problems are in the acts following."

Chief Zhao nodded. "The later ones are the problematic ones."

Deputy Minister Zhou nodded. "Alright then, let's keep on watching."

...

The third act.

"This song is the best!"

"The dance is great!"

"This act must be included in the gala!"

"Agreed. This is something new!"

...

The eighth act.

"Who is this woman?"

"Yeah, she's really pretty good at performing!"

"It's not a woman! Th-This is a man!"

"Ah?"

"But that's impossible!"

"Boss, it's really a man."

"What's this performance about?"

"Director Zhang says it's a cross-gender act."

"It's very good. This art form isn't often seen by too many people. It should be brought onto this stage so that everyone can learn about it and understand how many talented people there are amongst the common folk. That's right, Old Yang, Old Zhao, which are the problematic acts you were talking about?"

"Uh, they're still further."

"OK."

...

The tenth act.

"Oh my God!"

"They're—"

"They're all deaf-mute?"

"How did they manage to dance like this? Th-This is amazing!"

"Shocking! This is so shocking!"

"All of the kids have done really well!"

...

The 15th act.

"This dance?"

"How!"

"How did they do it?"

"Why didn't they fall over?"

"How did they keep standing upright like that without falling?
What's the method that's keeping them upright?"

"It's too beautiful!"

"Old Yang, Old Zhao, have the problematic acts appeared yet?"

"Ah, they're later."

"They're still later?"

...

The 22nd act.

"Aiyo!"

"This magic show is absolutely perfect!"

"It's absolutely amazing!"

"H-How did he manage to pull that off?"

"You'd have to ask Director Zhang about that. The magic trick
was designed by him."

"Old Yang, Old Zhao, are we getting to the problematic acts yet?"

"Ah, th-they're still further."

...

The 29th act.

"Hahahaha!"

"Aiyo, I'm dying of laughter!"

"Hahahaha!"

"It's so hilarious!"

"Aiyo, I can't take it!"

...

The 32nd act.

"Hahahaha!"

"This writing, it's marvelous!"

"The lines for this will definitely go viral!"

"It's really good! This skit is really, really good!"

"Old Yang, Old Zhao?"

"Uh, later, we're almost getting to them."

"Yes, yes, we're almost there."

...

At the beginning, the approval board members were looking to nitpick on problems with each act. But the more it went on, the more surprised everyone became!

Some people started crying listening to the songs.

Some people laughed at the skits.

Some people marveled at the dance.

Some people were shocked by the magic show.

It was really good!

All of them were very enjoyable!

All of these acts were planned by Zhang Ye?

Nobody could believe it!

Ha Qiqi was dumbfounded!

Zhang Zuo stared with wide eyes!

Little Wang was stunned!

The production team members were so shocked that their jaws dropped!

It wasn't like they hadn't seen Zhang Ye's program list before. In fact, they also took occasional glances at the performers' practices too. Some of the props were even constructed by them. But to watch the act from the start until finish? None of them had gone through this entire process. Today was also their first time watching the entire program list's rundown. Their emotions could only be summed up as shocked. These acts had completely surpassed their expectations!

And this was only Broadcasting Studio 3 they were in!

This was still not the new stage that they would be performing on!

If it were really transferred onto the new stage, the music, the lightings, the set design, all of those elements combined would make everything flawless. At that time, just how would these programs look like!?

They didn't even dare to start thinking about that!

Wu Zeqing was smiling. Right from the start, she did not say a word.

At this time, Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. It wasn't too bad, although there were some acts that still needed tweaking. Some of the performing groups also made some minor mistakes, but all of those were still within acceptable limits. After all, the time given to them to prepare was too tight. So Zhang Ye was quite satisfied with how it had turned out. The remaining work was to keep letting them practice and refine their performances so that they could cut their mistakes down to a minimum. There was still a lot

of room for improvement and practice.

Several of the skit actors who had just finished performing left the stage.

Many of the upper management who had come to observe the approval session were so amused that they couldn't close their mouths.

Deputy Minister Zhou looked to the side. "Old Zhao? Old Yang? Where are the acts that you two said were problematic?"

Old Zhao wiped away his sweat. "Th-They're coming later."

Old Yang could only bite his tongue and say, "Yes, that's right."

Ha Qiqi face-smackingly said, "The skit just now was the last act."

The venue fell silent.

Old Zhao, Old Yang, and a few other people turned green with anger!

There was nothing else?

All of the 40 acts finished up?

Deputy Minister Zhou stopped smiling and looked at the several of them. He slammed the table and stood up. "What are you all trying to achieve?! Just what are you trying to do!" He pointed at the stage and said, "It's still 1? Then where is it? They've already finished performing, so tell me where is it then? Were these the acts that you all complained to me that were problematic? Were these the acts that you told me were no good? Do you have any eyes to see with? Do you have any ears to listen with? Tell me, which of the acts were bad?! Huh? If these acts aren't good enough, then what kinds of acts would be good enough for you people? Go and identify them for me! What kinds of acts?"

Both Old Yang and Old Zhao were on the verge of tears!

Wu Zeqing mediated, "Minister Zhou, let's forget about it."

Deputy Minister Zhou waved her off and said, "Chief Wu, don't speak up for them. I've been infuriated today." He looked at the executives on the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee and said, "Chief Wu's husband worked so hard and professionally to make the acts work that even a blind person can see it. All of the acts were created with soul, as well as blood and sweat. Nobody can know if the audience can accept them until Lunar New Year's Eve arrives. But at least to those of us here today, I don't believe that anyone would say that the acts were bad, am I right? None of you will say that they aren't good enough, isn't that so? In that case, they're definitely good acts! But what did you all do? Nothing at all! You all only know how to snitch on the production team and tell me that we have problems here and there every single day. Are you trying to create trouble?!"

Old Zhao hurriedly said, "Minister, we were in the wrong because we didn't understand it clearly."

Old Yang said, "We were derelict in our duty." Turning around, he looked at Zhang Ye. "Director Zhang, we're sorry."

Zhang Ye waved it off. "It's nothing that serious. Artistic works have neither good or bad points. Some people might like it, while others might dislike it. That's very normal."

Deputy Minister Zhou said regretfully, "Director Zhang, you've done a fantastic job."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "We're just serving the people."

Deputy Minister Zhou said excitedly, "These acts are all really good. I really didn't expect that the Spring Festival Gala could be produced so well after you took charge of it! It's good! Very good!"

Zhang Ye said, "Minister, you're too lavish with your praise. There are actually a lot more areas we can improve. Some of the acts had minor issues, so they weren't presented to the best that it should have been. Right now, they're still not good enough to be put onto the actual Spring Festival Gala. I still have to make

further adjustments to them. I'll do my best to rush them out in time so that we can put up the most perfect performance on Lunar New Year's Eve."

What?

It was still not perfect?

It could still be done better?

Deputy Minister Zhou was very excited. "Alright, just do as you deem fit. Don't feel any pressure or feel burdened by the tasks. We'll leave the Spring Festival Gala to you this year. We're depending on you."

Zhang Ye was flattered. "Don't stand on ceremony with me. It should be expected of me."

Deputy Minister Zhou looked at him and said in seriousness, "I'm not trying to be polite. The Spring Festival Gala is on the decline, and the viewership ratings have been dropping year after year. Looking at where it is headed, we were all panicking. Seeing how the Spring Festival Gala is doing worse by the year, we've been completely unable do anything about it. But it will be different this year. I feel that this year's Spring Festival Gala will definitely not be like how it was in the past! Teacher Little Zhang, we're really depending on you for the Spring Festival Gala. Please don't let it... be ruined in the hands of our generation!"

Zhang Ye did not expect Deputy Minister Zhou to say that to him. For a moment, he also turned serious. "Alright! I dare not give you my word on any other thing, but I will carry out my duties to the best of my ability."

The officials left.

The organizing committee left.

The Spring Festival Gala's production team was overflowing with passion!

"This is so awesome!"

"We've made it through! All of the acts have passed!"

"Director Zhang, you're amazing!"

"All of the acts were so godly!"

"Those skits were hilarious!"

"The dances were also very amazing!"

"I have a feeling that this year's Spring Festival Gala is going to be super popular!"

"Let's hope that it'll really be different this year!"

"With Director Zhang around, it will definitely be different!"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Don't speak too early. Times have changed. We still do not know if the audience might like it. Alright, everyone has worked hard in recent days, so hurry back home and get some rest. We still have a lot of work to do starting tomorrow. A lot of the acts still need working on. Some of the set designs will also have to be redone." Turning to Ha Qiqi, he said, "Old Ha, go and tell the performers about the outcome, hur hur. They must be feeling very anxious too."

"Alright, I'll go let them know!"

Ha Qiqi, Zhang Zuo, and a few others walked backstage.

Soon after, endless cheering sounded from backstage!

"What?"

"We've passed?"

"All of us went through?"

"Th-Then that means, we've all been confirmed for the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Ahhhh!"

"I'm going on the Spring Festival Gala!"

"Oh my God!"

"I have to call my mom right now! I need to let her know about this!"

"Are you serious? Is this really happening?"

It was a scene of elation!

Qi Xiaomei was crying!

Hu Die was screaming!

Gao Xiliang stood there in shock, his mind blank!

This was really just like a dream!

Chapter 1327: Great anticipation!

The next day.

The finalized program list from the second approval session was revealed.

...

The doorbell rang.

"Brother Gao! Brother Gao!"

"Sis Chen, what's the matter?"

"Quick, watch the news!"

"What news?"

"Don't you all know yet? Your family's Xiliang is going to be on the Spring Festival Gala!"

"But that's impossible!"

"The program list has been announced!"

"What?"

...

The phone rang.

A few minutes later.

"Old Hu!"

"What are you shouting for? You scared me half to death!"

"Old Hu! Old Hu!"

"What is it? Who just called?"

"It was from our daughter! Sh-She's going to be on the Spring Festival Gala!"

"Ah? She can even go on the Spring Festival Gala with that standard of hers? Who's she going to be a backup dancer to?"

"She's not going to be a backup dancer! She has an act tailored for her!"

"What did you say? No way! When did the Spring Festival Gala lower their standards for its performers?"

"Get lost! Why can't you have more confidence in our daughter!"

"Our daughter keeps getting punished by the coach of the Naval Song and Dance Troupe. She can never perform any of those difficult dance moves and actions. All she knows is how to spin around in circles, so how...how could I have any confidence in that!"

...

At the same time, there was another matter that was publicly announced. The upper management had issued a notice to announce that the executive director of the Spring Festival Gala this year, Zhang Ye, would be included in the Spring Festival Gala's organizing committee as a deputy committee leader. This news caused quite the surprise in the media and industry. The executive director had always been the head of the Spring Festival Gala's production team and its authority covered matters of the show's production as well as a series of other related matters. Meanwhile, the supervising authority of the executive director lay with the Spring Festival Gala Organizing Committee. If there were any divided opinions, the final decision would depend on the executives on the organizing committee. But now, Zhang Ye was going to be appointed as a deputy committee leader of the organizing committee?

What did this mean?

What did this represent?

There had never been an executive director in the history of the Spring Festival Gala who was admitted into the organizing committee before!

Zhang Ye was the first person to get in, and he was also the only exception so far!

The signal that this event sent out was worth ruminating on!

"The program list gets revealed!"

"Zhang Ye admitted into the leadership group!"

"Zhang Ye's authority has been strengthened even further!"

"This year's Spring Festival Gala is branded with the Zhang name!"

An interview was even broadcast on Central TV's News Channel.

It was a summarized conversation between a Central TV reporter and the Ministry of Culture's Deputy Minister Zhou.

The reporter asked, "What were the reasons behind appointing Zhang Ye as a deputy committee leader?"

Deputy Minister Zhou said with a smile, "Because of the trust that we have in Director Zhang."

"Can you reveal a little bit about the acts that were in the second approval session?"

"We have to keep that a secret. All I can say is that we're very pleased to have gotten Director Zhang to take charge of the Spring Festival Gala this year. Zhang Ye is the most serious and responsible director that I've ever come across. We believe that everyone will experience a different Spring Festival Gala this year."

Very pleased?

The most serious and responsible?

This was such high praise!

The minister's declaration was the strongest support that could be given to Zhang Ye!

The public was also very surprised!

"What happened at the second approval session yesterday?"

"I don't know."

"The upper management has entirely delegated the Spring Festival Gala to Zhang Ye?"

"Yeah, I find that weird too. Aren't they too trusting of him?"

"The Spring Festival Gala has turned to advertising this year and the program list was changed at the last minute. With so much negative news, why would the upper management still dare to give Zhang Ye even more authority?"

"Could it be that the acts in the second approval session were all pretty good?"

"Zhang Ye is now someone who wields the greatest authority in the entertainment circle!"

"Yeah. Back then, it was just a saying. But it looks like it has become true now."

"This is so impressive. How did he achieve that? Even Hao Guang, the executive director of the Spring Festival Gala three years ago who enjoyed such a good relationship with the higher-ups, did not get admitted into the organizing committee. Be it the acts or the work put in, he had to do things according to the decisions of the higher-ups and seek their opinions. However, Zhang Ye has managed to do it!"

"The higher-ups must have taken a liking to the acts."

"But just look at the program list. I don't see anything special about it."

"What are these songs? I've never heard of them before."

"They must be new songs written by Zhang Ye."

"There's even going to be a magic show? And song and dance? We won't know anything just from the title of the acts."

"Yeah, just what kinds of acts are they? Why aren't they revealing any more details?"

"This is killing me! I would like to know too."

"It seems like many of the performers this year are unknowns."

"Right, why are there so many newcomers?"

"I only know Zhang Yuanqi, Zhang Xia, Chen Guang, and Fan Wenli."

"I know about Gao Xiliang, but why did he get on the Spring Festival Gala too?"

"A deaf-mute dance group? Fuck this!"

"How can they dance if they can't hear the music?"

"I really don't get this program list at all."

"Well, there's Teacher Ci Xiufang who's a regular."

"Yeah, there aren't too many changes in the performers' lineup of the language acts."

"They still look similar to the previous years, right? There isn't much difference."

"Yeah, it doesn't seem like there's anything surprising there."

"There aren't any Korean celebrities this year, though. I'll give Zhang Ye a Like for that."

"Hur hur, I don't know about the other stations' Spring Festival Gala. But if the Spring Festival Gala directed by Zhang Ye had Korean celebrities joining, I would immediately jump off the roof."

"Who is this Little Hu Die?"

"I've never heard of this person before."

"Old Chen and Old Fan will be singing a duet, while Zhang Xia will be leading those veteran singers and sharing the stage with them for a group performance. So why does this unknown have an

act all to herself? This is as good as a Heavenly King or Queen's treatment! As a newcomer, what right does she have?"

"Damn, look at the estimated duration of Little Hu Die's act!"

"Ah, my eyes!"

"Fuck, this...this—"

"What?"

"Four hours?"

"What the heck!"

"'Time'? What the fuck could this act be about?"

"The Spring Festival Gala itself will only be running for about four hours, right?"

"She's going to perform from the start to the end? It's entirely going to be her performance?"

"How is that possible? Won't the others need to perform? Are we only going to watch her act?"

"They must have written it wrong, right?"

"Fuck, what the hell is Director Zhang planning?"

"Why do I get a feeling of fear?"

"I guess this year's Spring Festival Gala is done for just like that!"

When the program list was revealed, it caused a heated discussion among the public and got flamed. There were all kinds of criticism, and many of the acts on the list were getting analyzed by everyone. Especially that act, "Time," which would be performed by Little Hu Die. It received endless roasting from everyone. Many people were floored!

For acts on the Spring Festival Gala, the songs would last at most three minutes, while the skits and crosstalks would go on for around 10 to 15 minutes. These were the upper end of the estimates. Sometimes when they exceeded that duration

allocation, they would even have to be cut short. Some celebrities would also only be given a minute or two to sing a song. When had there ever been an act that lasted for four hours!

Four hours?

You might as well go on for four weeks!

You could keep going from Lunar New Year's Eve until the first lunar month is over!

In the end, the netizens unanimously came to a conclusion: There was a typo. After that, they all left comments to bring attention to the fact. Some people even complained about it. However, all of that got lost as though they had sunk into the deep ocean. Although there wasn't a response from Central TV, they couldn't believe that there would be an act that spanned four hours of the gala. The general public might know that Zhang Ye never did things logically, but they were still kind enough to think that even Zhang Ye wouldn't resort to something as atrocious as this!

There were countless rants!

The flamers emerged without end!

The topic of the Spring Festival Gala had once again been pushed to the peak after the program list was revealed!

There were scoldings!

There was criticism!

There was praise!

There was anticipation!

From the public!

From the media!

From the higher-ups!

From the industry insiders!

No matter who it was, no matter what they were saying, no

matter what kind of opinions they had, there was one thing that no one could change: Every Chinese person was now waiting for the arrival of Chinese New Year's Eve. They all would really like to see just what kind of a Spring Festival Gala Zhang Ye could come up with!

Chapter 1328: Zhang Ye's post on social media!

The days passed.

The costumes were finished.

The props were made.

The stage was completed.

The set design was finished.

The hosts' rehearsals concluded.

The acts were gradually perfected.

Everything was progressing smoothly and in an orderly manner. The first and second dress rehearsals were nearing, which meant that the Spring Festival Gala had entered the final countdown!

Zhang Ye was in a rather good mood. Seeing that everyone had been busy for so many days, he held a meeting with the organizing committee and had a discussion with them. In the end, they decided that the Spring Festival Gala's production team and related staff would get two days off from work. They had to strike a balance between work and rest, and would prepare for the final sprint after they came back from the break!

Everyone went off for the two-day holiday.

Naturally, this included Zhang Ye as well.

...

Saturday.

Later that morning.

Today, his relatives were all gathered at Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

The moment Zhang Ye arrived, he collapsed onto a bed and lay

down. "None of you even dare think about snatching this bed from me. Aiyo, I'm so exhausted from these past two months, and I can finally get two days of rest."

His grandma said with her heart aching for him, "They're tiring out my grandson so badly."

His grandpa said, "It must have been particularly difficult on you, right?"

"How is it just particularly difficult?" Zhang Ye corrected. "These are the darkest days ever!"

His third aunt said, "Mengmeng, get a glass of water for your brother."

"Alright." His third sister quickly went to get it for him.

His eldest younger sister went over and sat down to massage Zhang Ye's shoulders. "You've worked so hard, Brother."

Zhang Ye said in a pampered manner, "Look at this, it's still my eldest and third sisters who are the most sensible."

His second sister rolled her eyes. "Brother, aren't you hurting me with your words?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "By the way, Grandma, Grandpa, Dad, Mom, I probably won't have much time after my break. I'll be busy all the way until the first day of the Lunar New Year, so I won't be spending the eve at home this year."

His mother pursed her lips. "What do you mean by this year? Which year have you spent the eve at home with us?"

Zhang Ye broke out into a sweat.

Last year, he was busy with the Spring Festival Gala at Beijing Television.

The year before that, he had been taken to the police station where he got detained.

He really hadn't spent Chinese New Year's Eve at home over the past few years.

His grandma harrumphed. "Little Ye is busy doing great things out there, so where would he find the time to spend the New Year at home? Do you think that my grandson is as free as you every day?"

His mother was speechless.

"Little Ye, what good acts do you have lined up for this year's Spring Festival Gala?"

"First Uncle, I have to keep that a secret."

"Brother, just reveal a little bit, won't you?"

"No, I can't."

"Do you have to keep it a secret from us?"

"I can't tell anyone at all, so don't ask me anymore. You'll all know when you watch it on TV."

Everyone continued chasing after him for answers anyway, as they were very concerned about the Spring Festival Gala. But Zhang Ye did not wish to speak about it. This fellow had been working so much on the Spring Festival Gala for the past two months. It was always about the gala from dawn til dusk, and even in his dreams. At the moment, just the mention of the words "Spring Festival Gala" was enough to make him shiver in fright. It wasn't easy getting these two days of break from it, so he really wasn't interested in talking about the subject.

Soon after, the elders went out into the living room to chat.

Only his three sisters were left in the room as they chattered on while browsing through their social media.

"It's increased again!"

"There are already 2,000 votes."

"Sis, you're doing awesome."

Zhang Ye clasped his hands behind his head while lying down.
"What are you talking about?"

His eldest younger sister said somewhat embarrassed, "They're voting for me."

His second sister looked over. "Oh yes, Brother, have you voted for Sis yet?"

"What vote?" Zhang Ye did not understand.

The second sister said, "Didn't you see the status that Sis posted in her Moments? The selection for this year's 'Most Beautiful School Belle' has begun. Over a few hundred universities in the country are participating, and the competition is really intense. Our family members have all voted for Sis already. Even Sister-in-law has voted for her, so how can you not know about it?"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Do you think I have the time to check my social media? Even Old Wu has voted?"

His third sister rolled her eyes. "Only you have not voted yet."

"Alright, alright, I'll vote as well, hur hur." Zhang Ye launched his social media app and scrolled up for a very long time until he saw his eldest younger sister's post. It seemed like there really was a "Most Beautiful School Belle" selection going on. It was a competition to find the prettiest student from universities all over the country. The promotions for it were even quite intense, and many of the media outlets were following it as well.

He had a quick glance at the rankings.

First: Jin Ni

Votes: 280,000

Second: Wang Xiaohe

Votes: 260,000

Third: Chen Di

Votes: 250,000

Then, from fourth place onward, the votes were no longer that high. They only had several tens of thousands of votes, and it was obviously of a different magnitude as compared to the top three spots. The disparity between them was very obvious.

Zhang Ye blinked. "What rank is Dandan?"

His eldest younger sister coughed and said, "I'm at around 700th place."

"Pfft, you're that low?"

His third sister said, "Our sis has been utterly demolished."

Cao Dan, his eldest younger sister, did not exactly look exceptionally beautiful. In fact, she was far from it. However, she was still quite beautiful. It could be summed up as a quiet-looking kind of beauty, and one would find her particularly pleasing to look at. Zhang Ye compared her with the photos of the current top three school belles. No matter how he looked at it, he thought that his sister was much more pleasing to the eye.

They managed to get over 200,000 votes?

While his own sister had only a little more than 2,000 votes?

Zhang Ye was still stuck in a traditional kind of mindset. He asked, "Do the candidates in the top spots have a lot of friends and relatives?"

His third sister was floored. "Who could possibly have over 200,000 relatives!"

"Oops, true that."

His second sister harrumphed angrily. "Do you think that everyone is as honest as us? They bought all those votes with money! Someone exposed that the person in first place, that Jin Ni who's from a film academy, has already signed a contract with an

entertainment company. It was her company who helped her to get most of her votes so that she can become the most beautiful school belle. By spending a bit of money to raise her profile, this bit of investment can easily be recouped once she becomes famous. For the second and third place candidates, they're from rich families and probably also bought their votes. Look at some of the comments on their profiles. They're all scolding them for taking over accounts to vote for themselves. Basically, the people that they paid off to mass vote for them did not handle the matter properly and used stolen accounts to vote for them without the actual owner's knowledge. Such behavior is so awful! What they're doing is illegal!"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Whoa, it's that shady? Has anyone complained yet?"

His second sister said, "Many of the stolen account owners have already complained, but to no avail."

At this moment.

Someone knocked on the front door.

His eldest younger sister smiled and said, "That must be Sister-in-law."

When they opened the door, it was indeed Wu Zeqing who had come.

"Zeqing, you've knocked off?"

"I had something to attend to this morning, so I went back to the office for a while. Otherwise, I would've come along with Little Ye."

"Come in, quick."

After greeting the elders, Wu Zeqing walked inside.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "You're here?"

His second sister greeted, "Sister-in-law."

His eldest younger sister greeted, "Hello, Sister-in-law."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Are the results for the 'Most Beautiful School Belle' out yet?"

His eldest younger sister smiled and blushed. "The poll is ending tonight, so the results aren't out yet."

"What's your place right now?" Wu Zeqing asked.

His third sister came up and complained, "Sister-in-law, my elder sis is getting demolished. She's ranked several hundred places from the front. Those people are awful. They're all resorting to buying votes to win."

Wu Zeqing smiled gently. "Why don't you approach your brother for help?"

Zhang Ye shrugged. "I have so few friends. As though it'd help with her votes."

His third sister pointed at him. "Look at him, sister-in-law. This brother of ours is so terrible."

Wu Zeqing laughed.

His eldest young sister had a very good character. She tugged at her younger sister. "Aiya, there's no need. I won't be able to get a spot that would matter anyway. It's already pretty good to place within the top several hundred candidates. I was just messing around when I decided to join the competition."

His third sister said, "If you get a better placing, we would look good too!"

His second sister agreed, "That's right, that's right!"

Zhang Ye helplessly took out his cell phone and said, "Alright, I'll help share the post. I don't really have that many people in my friends list, and most of them are still busy with the Spring Festival Gala. They won't have time to vote for sure."

"#029121 is my younger sister; please vote for her."

He finished editing the post.

Then shared it.

Zhang Ye said with a laugh, "All done."

His eldest younger sister said, "Thanks, Brother. I'm not actually thinking of competing and was just doing this for fun. I shared my status randomly, but who could have guessed that these two girls would pick up on it."

His second and third sisters giggled, "Heehee."

Someone replied to the post that Zhang Ye had just shared.

Chen Guang: "That's your sister?"

Zhang Ye read it and typed his reply: "Yes."

Chen Guang: "I got it."

Ci Xiufang also left him a message. "Which younger sister?"

Zhang Ye: "The eldest one."

Ci Xiufang: "Dandan, right?"

Zhang Ye: "Yes."

Ci Xiufang: "I've voted."

Fan Wenli: "I've voted."

Zhang Xia: "I've voted."

Quite a few of his friends replied to his post.

Many of the celebrities who attended Zhang Ye's wedding had seen Cao Dan too.

His third sister was refreshing the rankings. "Wow, Sis! Your votes have already gone up by more than forty."

His second sister said, "It's all to the credit of our brother's influence."

Zhang Ye didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "It's so few votes

and you're saying that I have a great influence? Whatever. It's almost time to eat. I'll let you all have a taste of your sister-in-law's culinary skills today."

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Oh, you! Don't praise me like that."

Everyone was joking and laughing as they started preparing for lunch. No one gave another thought to the "Most Beautiful School Belle" selection.

Zhang Ye had only shared the post in his Moments, and no one other than his friends could see it. But unexpectedly, this post was about to kick off something huge!

Chapter 1329: Just who the hell's sister is this?

Just before noon.

At an entertainment company.

"Jin Ni, the company will definitely make sure you get first place this time.

"But the people behind me are right on our heels."

"It won't be a problem. The company has bought another 100,000 votes for you."

"Thanks, Sister Chen, thank you."

"We'll buy however many votes that they are catching up by. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"I understand."

"Work hard in the future and don't let everyone down."

...

At a villa.

"Dad! Why am I only in second place!"

"Hur hur, Little He, don't be anxious."

"But I want to be in first place. It's no use getting second!"

"Daddy knows. Don't you worry, I already got someone to take care of this. When the voting ends at midnight tonight, my darling daughter will surely be in first place."

"Really?"

"Really. It's just about spending money, isn't it? I'll see who can outbuy whom for the votes!"

...

At a university.

In the female dorms.

"Chen Di, you're in third place!"

"Yep."

"Why are there so many people accusing you of stealing their accounts?"

"Ignore them, those are the alt accounts the top two girls sent to slander me."

"You didn't buy votes, did you?"

"Would I need to?"

"Haha, that's true. Our Didi is so beautiful!"

"Yeah, Didi will definitely win the most beautiful school belle!"

...

The competition for Most Beautiful School Belle was getting intense.

The top three were in a knock-down, drag-out brawl. At times, one of them would suddenly gain an additional 20,000 votes. At times, another one would suddenly gain 30,000 votes. The voting pattern was very strange as the three of them were determined to take first place!

The netizens were also watching the fun.

"This is getting really intense!"

"How did these three girls get so many votes?"

"The girl in fourth place is behind by so many times fewer votes than them?"

"Hur hur, did you think that those votes were real? They're all bought votes."

"At least 95% of the votes here were bought with money. It's too

shady."

"I don't like any of these three."

"Let's see which of them will get first place."

"The Most Beautiful School Belle is now just a matter of who can spend more money. There's no meaning to it anymore."

"Yeah, this ranking's authority is getting worse and worse each year."

"Fuck, my account was hacked by them! It was used to vote for one of those three!"

"Mine too! I've already filed a complaint, but it's no use!"

"Motherfucker, how is this the 'Most Beautiful School Belle' competition? It should be called the 'Most Shady School Belle' competition instead!"

"Nice sarcasm, hur hur hur."

But it was at this time that something really surprising occurred!

A name suddenly appeared at the front of the rankings!

30,000 votes!

50,000 votes!

100,000 votes!

The netizens were stunned!

"Damn, here comes another vote buyer!"

"What strong momentum!"

"She gained over 100,000 votes in just five minutes?"

"Who the hell is this person?"

Then, in the blink of an eye, that girl's votes skyrocketed once more!

200,000!

500,000!

1 million!

With hardly any effort, she had been pushed into first place!

The netizens were dumbfounded!

"Oh my God!"

"Hahahaha!"

"This is going to be interesting!"

"How awesome, there's a school belle who's even shadier than those three shadiest school belles!"

"This is so exciting!"

The change in the rankings surprised everyone! A lot of people could not even react in time as they witnessed in dumbfounded shock that girl's votes soar upwards. The votes kept going higher and higher until it reached a number that made many people piss their pants. It was only then that everyone realized that something was off!

"This isn't right!"

"This doesn't look like vote buying!"

"Damn, is this girl insane?"

"Who's voting for her?"

"There can't be anyone buying this many votes! They wouldn't be able to vote at such a fast rate either!"

"The price per vote has already reached 2 yuan. Just look at the number of votes, goddamn! If a vote really cost 2 yuan each, how much would they have to pay for all of that!"

"Of course she didn't buy those votes!"

"Previous poster, what's going on?"

"I also voted for her. You guys should go and check out the

celebrities' Weibos!"

"Check the celebrities' Weibos? Which celebrities?"

"—All of them!"

"All?!"

"What do you mean by that?"

...

At a villa.

"Dad! What's happening?!"

"I'm not sure either!"

"Who is Cao Dan?"

"Is this girl out of her mind?"

"Dad, I want to get first!"

"—Little He, why don't we just forget about this?"

"Dad!"

"Th-This is really too much to spend!"

...

At an entertainment company.

Someone ran in from outside.

"Sister Chen, go and look at the rankings!"

"What's the matter?"

"Jin Ni is no longer in first place!"

"What? Then hurry up and go buy more votes!"

"It won't work anymore! We can't catch up to the girl who's in first place."

"Why can't we catch up to her? Just spend more money on it. However many votes they're buying, we'll buy just as much! We

won't reject anyone who's willing to sell their vote. How many votes does the first place girl have right now?"

That person gulped. "12 million votes!"

Sister Chen nearly fell over and hit her head!

Jin Ni nearly vomited blood!

What?

12 million votes?

Bro, we've only received several hundred thousand votes after so many hours of buying them!

Who was this person?

Just who could she be?

...

At a university.

The school campus was in an uproar.

"Damn! Everyone, quickly go and have a look at the rankings for the Most Beautiful School Belle!"

"What? First place has changed?"

"It's someone from our school?"

"Cao Dan?"

"It's Sister Dan?"

"Oh my God! Cao Dan is from our class!"

"She has over 10 million votes?"

"She's even gained an enormous lead over second place!"

"Is Classmate Cao soaring to the skies?"

"This is so impressive!"

"Sister Dan is invincible!"

"Ah, everyone! Look on Weibo!"

...

Noon.

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

Everyone just finished lunch and were chatting.

His eldest younger sister received a call from a classmate. "Hello, Lü Zi?"

Her female classmate on the other end of the line yelled: "Dandan, you're in first place! You're going to be super popular!"

His eldest younger sister was stunned for a moment: "What first place?"

"Damn, don't you know? Go look at the Most Beautiful School Belle. You've already amassed over 10 million votes, and it's still increasing!"

His eldest younger sister shook her head in disbelief. "That's impossible. I've only got about 2,000 votes or so."

Her classmate yelled: "But several dozen big name celebrities are soliciting votes for you on Weibo!"

His eldest younger sister finally got a stunned look on her face. "What?"

His third sister asked, "What's the matter, Sis?"

His first uncle asked, "What happened?"

Zhang Ye and a few other relatives also looked over.

His eldest younger sister quickly checked the rankings and was startled. Then she had a look on Weibo and got a shock too. After that, she dumbfoundedly turned her cell phone around for Zhang Ye and everyone else to see.

The family was shocked too!

"The most beautiful school belle?"

"Sis, y-you're in first place?"

"Dandan, how did you get so many votes!"

"Aiyo, how did this come about?"

His eldest younger sister swiped the screen and switched over to show the Weibo homepage.

This time, it was Zhang Ye who was floored!

Chen Guang's Weibo: "This is my friend's little sister; please vote for her."

A B-list singer's Weibo: "It's my boss's sister. Please do give her your support and vote."

Ci Xiufang's Weibo: "A little sister of mine, please share."

Gao Xiliang's Weibo: "Please give your vote to #029121. It's my lifesaver's sister, please help! Please share! Thanks!"

Countless replies were shown below.

"Pfft."

"Auntie Ci is also involved with this?"

"I've voted."

"Voted."

"If Old Chen says so, then I surely have to give face to him."

"Haha, I've already voted."

In just a short while, several dozen celebrities had canvassed for votes for Zhang Ye's eldest younger sister on Weibo!

His third sister said, "Damn!"

His second sister said excitedly, "It really blew up!"

Zhang Ye's first uncle and aunt both let out an exclamation!

Zhang Ye wiped his sweat. "I didn't know about this. I never

asked them to share it!" He quickly took out his cell phone and sent them a message. "What's this about? Why did you all share it onto Weibo?"

Ci Xiufang was the first to reply. "Ah? Weren't you asking for votes for your sister? I just thought that I'd share it."

Gao Xiliang said: "You're my benefactor, so your sister's business is also my business. I just shared it. It's no big deal."

Many of the others also replied with a similar response.

Zhang Ye didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He did not know what to say. It was only at this moment that it hit him that he was now the executive director of the Spring Festival Gala. He was no longer the same person as before. By sharing a post on social media, what would you expect others to think when they see it? Hai, forget it. What's done is done. It wasn't like he could take it back anyway.

...

At an entertainment company.

Sister Chen was close to swearing!

Jin Ni asked dumbfoundedly, "Sister Chen, are we still buying votes?"

Sister Chen nearly wanted to kick her unconscious!

You still want to buy more votes?

Buy, your sister!

We're already fucking behind by more than 10 million votes!

Sister Chen had also taken a look at Weibo. She knew that there was no more hope of getting first place this time. However, she could not understand why so many of the big name celebrities and other artists in the entertainment industry were giving their support and canvassing for votes for a university student? What was going on? Just whose sister could this be? All of them were big

shots who had already been famous for a long time! There were A-, B-, and C-listers among them. Any one of them was a very famous person!

This was only a competition to pick the most beautiful school belle!

Did it really have to attract all of you godly people?

Any single one of you stepping forward to canvass votes for Cao Dan would have been enough to leave us with no chance of winning! But now, over 60 to 70 of you big name celebrities are canvassing for votes together? Damn, did you all need to bully us like that?!

Sister Chen was on the verge of tears!

Today's battle lineup had given her a terrible scare!

...

It wasn't only her though.

Many of the media outlets and citizens were also in a state of shock!

Cao Dan?

Cao Dan?

Who the hell's sister was she?

...

On the same night.

The voting came to an end.

Cao Dan was chosen as the most beautiful school belle with 28 million votes in the end!

Chapter 1330: My name is Cao Dan, a girl who embodies both beauty and talent!

The next day.

It was a Sunday. At Zhang Ye's parents' house.

It was around 9 AM when the doorbell rang.

His mother snorted, "Who is it?"

His father said, "Just open the door and you'll know."

When the door opened, Zhang Ye's first uncle and his family were all standing outside. They were carrying quite a lot of things in their hands. Zhang Ye's other two cousins were here as well.

His first uncle smiled and said, "Sis, Brother-in-law."

His first aunt said, "Zeqing, you're here too?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and nodded. "I didn't go back home yesterday."

His father called to them, "Come, come on in."

"Why did you all bring so many things?" His mother glanced at what they were carrying. "We aren't lacking anything at home."

His first uncle said, "These are all food that Little Ye likes."

His second sister blinked, "Where's Brother?"

His third sister looked to the bedroom. "He better not still be sleeping!"

Wu Zeqing chuckled. "He's still in dreamland."

His mother shouted to the bedroom, "Little Ye, wake up. Your first uncle is here."

A sleepy voice came from Zhang Ye's room. "I know."

His eldest younger sister said, "Don't wake Brother up. He's going back to work tomorrow, so let him sleep a little longer."

His mother said, "It's fine. Oh yes, Dandan, did you get first place in yesterday's Most Beautiful School Belle competition? We turned in early after coming back from your grandma's place, so we didn't check on it."

When Zhang Ye's first aunt heard that, she got really excited and said, "She won, she won. She received more than 20 million votes in total."

His second sister also exclaimed excitedly, "My sis is now on fire. Her Weibo followers jumped to 500,000 overnight, and she even got reported about in the newspapers."

Zhang Ye's mother said very happily, "Where is it? Let me have a look."

She was handed some newspapers.

"The Most Beautiful School Belle selection comes to a conclusion!"

"Cao Dan wins the Most Beautiful School Belle award!"

"Many A-and B-list celebrities collectively helped her canvass for votes!"

"Whose sister is she? The mystery of Cao Dan's background!"

Although this news wasn't in the entertainment headlines, it was still reported about in a pretty good spot.

Zhang Ye's father said interested, "It was really reported about?"

Cao Dan said rather embarrassed, "It's all credit to Brother's influence."

At this moment, Zhang Ye's bedroom door opened. He came out yawning while still wearing his pajamas. After greeting his first uncle and aunt, he looked at his three cousins. "Hey, why is it you three again? Didn't we just see each other yesterday?"

His second sister giggled. "Sis needed to look for you regarding some business, so of course we had to tag along."

His third sister jumped in joy and said, "Brother, other than you, there's gonna be another big star emerging in our family."

"What big star?" Cao Dan rolled her eyes at them. "Stand aside."

Zhang Ye also saw the copies of newspapers and picked them up to have a look. He asked, "Look for me regarding some business?"

His first aunt spoke, "Little Ye, we just wanted to seek your advice about what we should do now. Look, Dandan will be graduating this year and will have to get a job soon. But she doesn't have any idea about what she wants to do. And now that she has won the Most Beautiful School Belle award, some entertainment companies came to approach her. We're not sure how they got her number either, but they said that they were looking to sign her so that she can carve out a career in the entertainment industry."

Zhang Ye asked, "Are the contract terms good?"

His first uncle scratched his head. "Like we'd know any of that."

"What are the companies called?" Zhang Ye asked.

His first uncle replied, "One of them is called Feng Nian? The other one is called Hua Hai Entertainment?"

Zhang Ye shook his head. "They're just small companies. It's better to not join them."

His first uncle said, "We didn't know what to do after discussing it for a long time, so we decided to come over to consult you. Do you think this is a viable opportunity? The issue is that such opportunities do not come by every day. If we just let it pass, we might end up regretting it. But you also know how Dandan is. She's not talented like you, so I'm fearful that she won't be able to survive in the industry."

Cao Dan looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "If you're asking me, of course I would say no to my sister joining the entertainment circle. The waters

here run too deep. I'm sure you all know how badly I've been scolded over the years. Dandan has a more reserved character, so I don't think she's suitable in this line of work. But it doesn't matter what I say, First Uncle and Aunt. We have to see what Dandan herself thinks. "

Cao Dan's lips did not move.

Zhang Ye's mother asked, "Dandan, what are your thoughts?"

Cao Dan stayed silent for a long time and finally said through clenched teeth, "I would like to join the entertainment industry."

Zhang Ye blinked. "You had better consider it carefully."

"Brother, I've already thought it through," Cao Dan said with conviction.

Zhang Ye's mother said with a smile, "Right, just do it if you've already thought it through. Even though the waters of the entertainment circle are deep, which industry's waters are not deep? No industry is easy to be in, so if Dandan wants to carve out a career in the entertainment circle, at least there's already your brother in it. You don't know how to scold people? Your brother does! You can't fight? Your brother knows how to!"

Zhang Ye was floored. "Thanks for you 'praise,' Mom."

Everyone laughed.

Cao Dan also covered her mouth and laughed.

His first aunt quickly said, "Little Ye, then you must guide your sister more often. If she intends to join an entertainment company, which one would be a good choice? How can she sign with them?"

His first uncle said, "Yeah, we don't know how to go about doing any of that."

Zhang Ye said, "Those companies that you mentioned earlier are just small companies that aren't well-known. If Dandan really wants to develop her career, let me think for a bit first." He

pondered for a while. "I know Zhang Yuanqi rather well. She has part ownership of the company she's signed to and has quite a big say in it too, so Dandan can consider signing with them. If she goes there, Old Zhang should be able to help take care of her. As for the other entertainment companies, I haven't really dealt with them much, so I don't really know them well. So I can't—"

Wu Zeqing spoke up.

Old Wu took a sip of tea before interjecting, "You can also join any other company you wish."

Her words were very domineering.

Perhaps only Old Wu would dare to speak in such a way.

It was only at this moment that everyone remembered that there was still a leader from the SARFT in the house. Well, with the thorniest character in the entertainment circle, who would dare to provoke Zhang Ye? Meanwhile, Wu Zeqing was one of the top three leaders at the SARFT who oversaw the entertainment circle. With these two people backing her, would Cao Dan still have a hard time? Even if they did not bully anyone, at least they wouldn't be pushed around by the others. If she could still get bullied in such circumstances, then that would be a wonder!

His mother said happily, "Yeah, there's still your sister-in-law backing you."

Cao Dan quickly said, "Thank you, Sister-in-law!"

His second sister exclaimed, "Sister-in-law is almighty!"

Zhang Ye's first uncle and aunt were both overjoyed. "Zeqing, thank you so much."

With those words from Wu Zeqing, they were finally much more confident.

He had lost the opportunity to show off!

His wife had stolen his thunder!

Zhang Ye could only roll his eyes. But he switched his tone and said, "Actually, I still don't recommend Dandan to sign with a talent agency too soon. First, there will be more restrictions implemented on her. Second, there are also many artists-in-waiting at the larger agencies, so it won't be that easy for her to make a breakthrough. Don't think that several hundred thousand followers on Weibo are a lot. It really isn't that big a deal! Moreover, such popularity is only temporary. There's nothing set in stone yet since you don't have any works on your résumé. A celebrity still has to be capable in order to compete with the others. After the momentum of the Most Beautiful School Belle award dies down in another month or two, there's a possibility that no one will pay attention to you anymore. What then? How would you expect the talent agency to push your case? How would they promote you? Would there be any momentum? All of this is still unknown. Besides, with your current popularity, you still can't negotiate for a good contract."

Cao Dan humbly asked, "Then what should I do, Brother?"

Zhang Ye said, "I suggest that you get a little more famous first before signing with an agency. It's not exactly necessary for you to sign with one anyway. Didn't I also strike it out on my own?"

His first uncle and aunt didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "But Dandan isn't capable like you."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "You still have me around, don't ya? That's right, what did Dandan major in at university?"

His mother said in a speechless manner, "You don't even know what your sister studied?"

Zhang Ye nervously said, "I forgot, I forgot."

Cao Dan said, "I'm a directing major."

Eh?

Directing?

He got an idea.

Zhang Ye confirmed again by asking, "Sis, let me ask you this again: Are you really serious about it?"

Cao Dan nodded firmly. "Brother, I'm truly serious about it."

Zhang Ye acknowledged, "Alright then, I'll write some screenplays for you later. Bring them back and read through them. If you think that you're up for it, give it a try."

Cao Dan's eyes widened. "What screenplays?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Something about some short funny videos."

His third sister said dismissively, "Would anyone even watch that?"

His second sister also said in a speechless manner, "Isn't this starting point a little too low? The other celebrities are all involved in singing and acting, but you want my sis to make funny videos? How long would she have to do that for before she can make a name for herself?"

Zhang Ye harrumphed. "What do you all know? Do you think that the screenplays I come up with would be average?"

His mother said, "Will it really work out?"

His father added, "You better not make a fool out of your sister."

Zhang Ye said annoyed, "Alright, just wait and see then."

His first uncle and aunt quickly said, "Little Ye, thanks for your help."

"Thank you, Brother," Cao Dan said, feeling touched.

Short videos?

Would that really work out?

Everyone was actually quite skeptical.

...

Noon.

Zhang Ye was very efficient. In just two hours, he finished everything.

He came up with drafts of more than 20 videos for a start.

Everyone was very interested in them and did not care about eating anymore. They all gathered around to read the drafts.

"This is?"

"A storyboard?"

"She'll be taking on multiple roles per video?"

"And they're all going to be so short?"

"Will this work?"

Zhang Ye looked at his eldest younger sister. "Can you shoot these?"

Cao Dan studied the screenplays intensely before saying, "I should be able to since there isn't really any technical difficulty in it, and the equipment required is quite basic. I can do the editing too since I learned that in school. I'm just afraid that I can't act the parts where I have to play multiple roles well. I'll have to go back and give it a try to find out."

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, I won't be able to help with that then."

"One more thing, Brother." Cao Dan said with a despondent look, "Do I really need to speak this line?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Of course, that's definitely necessary."

Cao Dan said, "It will appear in every video that I make?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, every one of them."

Blushing, Cao Dan recited it once, "My name is Cao Dan, a girl who embodies both beauty and talent?"

His third sister giggled, "Pfft!"

His second sister laughed, "Hahahaha!"

Cao Dan stared at them. "No laughing."

But the more she said that, the harder everyone at home laughed.

Zhang Ye also laughed out loud. "Say it more domineeringly and with a little more confidence."

Cao Dan cleared her throat and tried again. "My name is Cao Dan, a girl who embodies both beauty and talent!"

Yes.

This was Papi Jiang's 1 work from Zhang Ye's previous world and how she had embarked on her route to fame. He had brought that over here and wanted to see if his own sister could replicate it.

As for whether it would be a success?

As for how far Cao Dan could go from here?

Zhang Ye wasn't worried about that. The path had already been paved for her. All he could do was lead his sister into the industry. The rest of it would have to depend on Cao Dan herself.

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![Legge]

(<https://userimg.webnovel.com/userheadimg/4063829/100/100.jpg?uut=1524105534000>) Legge 1.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Papi_Jiang | Papi醬
<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCgHXsynhD8GxbFcNlPEn-W>

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